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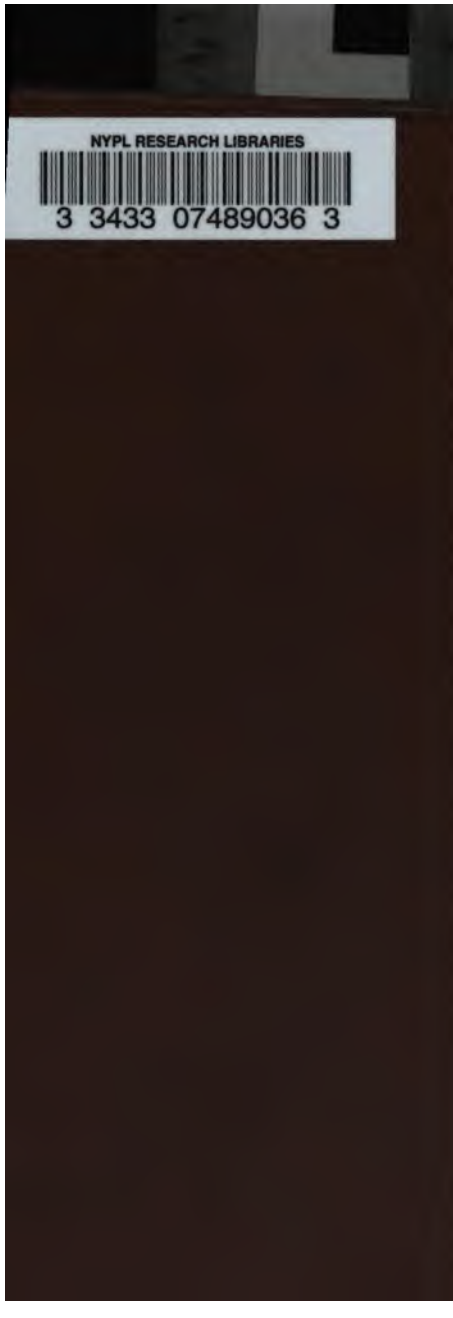
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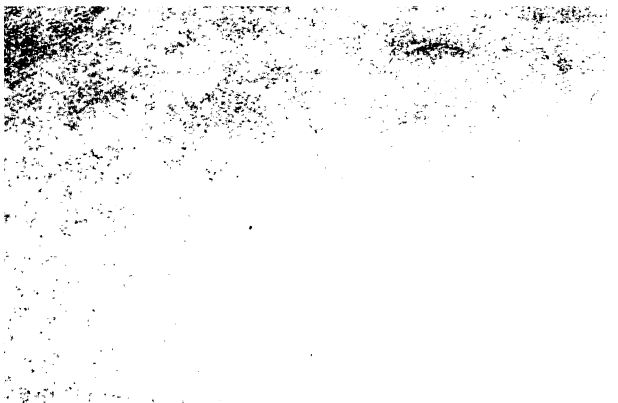
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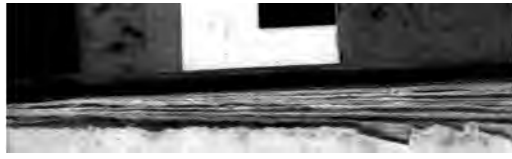
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THE

QUEEN'S WAKE;

A

LEGENDARY POEM.

BY

JAMES HOGG.

Be mine to read the visions old,
Which thy awakening Bards have told;
And whilst they meet my tranced view,
Hold each strange tale devoutly true.
COLLINS.

NEW-YORK:

PUBLISHED BY A. T. GOODRICH & Co.
126 Broadway, corner of Cedar-Street.
J. Seymour, print.

1818.

R 1935



TO

HER ROYAL HIGHNESS

PRINCESS CHARLOTTE OF WALES,

A SHEPHERD,

AMONG THE MOUNTAINS OF SCOTLAND,

DEDICATES THIS POEM.





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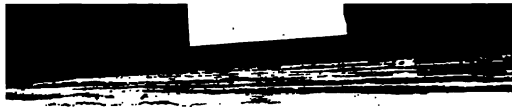
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ADVERTISEMENT.

THE Publisher having been favoured with letters from gentlemen in various parts of the United Kingdom respecting the Author of the *Queen's Wake*, and most of them expressing doubts of his being a Scotch Shepherd, he takes this opportunity of assuring the Public, that *The Queen's Wake* is really and truly the production of JAMES HOGG, a *common Shepherd*, bred among the mountains of Ettrick Forest, who went to service when only seven years of age; and since that period has never received any education whatever. Upon the consistency of this statement, with the merits of the following Work, it does not become him to make any observation; all he wishes to say is, that it is *strictly true*, which he

with the following Vers
which he takes the liber
judging that their intrins
well as the allusions to the
lads which they contain, r
suitable accompaniment tc
edition of the Work.



STANZAS

ADDRESSED TO THE

ETTRICK SHEPHERD,

ON THE PUBLICATION OF

THE QUEEN'S WAKE.

BY B. BARTON, ESQ. WOODBRIDGE, SUFFOLK.

SHEPHERD of Ettrick! as of yore
To humble swains the Seraph sung,
Again, though now unseen, they pour
Their hallow'd strains from mortal tongue.

For O! celestial are the tones
The minstrel strikes to Malcolm's sorrow;
When Jura, echoing back his moans,
Claims the lost maiden of Glen-Ora.

Soft dies the strain; the chords now ring,
Swept by a more impetuous hand;
Indignant Gardyn strikes the string,
And terror chills the listening band.

Like wintry winds in wild Glen
Or ruin'd Bothwell's roofless

A wilder strain is wafted near
As from the regions of the sky
And where's the mortal that ca
Unmoved the Spectre's lullab

To weave the due reward of pr
For every rival bard were va
Nor suits an humble poet's lays
Who loves, yet fears a loftier

Yet must I pause upon the tale
Of that strange bark for Staff
Proudly she greets the morning
Proudly she sails from holy g

O, never yet has ship that trac
The pathless bosom of the m
Been with such magic numbers
Or honoured with so sweet a

But who, that sees the morning
Serenely bright, can tell the
When the rough tempest of the
Shall next display its awful



And who, that sees the floating bark
  Sail forth obedient to the gale,
Foresees the impending horrors dark,
  That swell the terror of the tale?

Nor can I pass in silence by
  That favoured maiden's wondrous doom,
Who, 'neath a self-illumined sky,
  Saw fields and flowers in endless bloom.

O heaven-taught Shepherd! when or where
  Was that ethereal legend wrought?
What urged thee thus a flight to dare
  Through realms by former bards unsought?

Say, hast thou, *like* Kilmeny, been
  Transported to the land of thought;
And thence, by minstrel vision keen,
  The fire of inspiration caught?

It must be so: in cottage lone,
  To dreams of poesy resign'd,
From Ettrick's banks thy soul has flown,
  And earth-born follies left behind.

Then through those scenes Kilmeny saw,
  In trance ecstatic hast thou roved,
And witness'd, but with holy awe,
  What mortal fancy never proved.

O Shepherd! since 'tis thine to boast
  The fascinating powers of song,
Far, far above the countless host,
  Who swell the Muses' suppliant throng,





INTRODUCTION.

Now burst, ye Winter clouds that lower,
Fling from your folds the piercing shower;
Sing to the tower and leafless tree,
Ye cold winds of adversity;
Your blights, your chilling influence shed,
On wareless heart, and houseless head,
Your ruth or fury I disdain,
I've found my Mountain Lyre again.

Come to my heart, my only stay!
Companion of a happier day!
Thou gift of heaven, thou pledge of good,
Harp of the mountain and the wood!
I little thought, when first I tried
Thy notes by lone Saint Mary's side,
When in a deep untrodden den,
I found thee in the braken glen,
I little thought that idle toy
Should e'er become my only joy!

A maiden's youthful smiles had wove
Around my heart the toils of love,
When first thy magic wires I rung,
And on the breeze thy numbers flung

That thou shouldst prove my all
Jeered by conceit and lordly prid
I flung my soothing harp aside ;
With wayward fortune strove aw
Wrecked in a world of self and g
Again I sought the braken hill ;
Again sat musing by the rill ;
My wild sensations all were gone,
And only thou wert left alone.
Long hast thou in the moorland la
Now welcome to my heart again.

The russet weed of mountain g
No more shall round thy border p
No more the brake-flowers, o'er t
Shall mar thy tones and measures
Harp of the Forest, thou shalt be
Fair as the bud on forest tree !
Sweet be thy strains, as those tha
In Ettrick's green and fairy dell ;
Soft as the breeze of falling even,
And purer than the dews of heave

Of minstrel honours, now no m
Of bards, who sung in days of yor
Of gallant chiefs, in courtly guis
Of ladies' smiles, of ladies' eyes ;
Of royal feasts and obsequies ;



When Caledon, with look severe,
Saw Beauty's hand her sceptre bear,—
By cliff and haunted wild I'll sing,
Responsive to thy dulcet string.

When wanes the circling year away,
When scarcely smiles the doubtful day,
Fair daughter of Dunedin, say,
Hast thou not heard, at midnight deep,
Soft music on thy slumbers creep?
At such a time, if careless thrown
Thy slender form on couch of down,
Hast thou not felt, to nature true,
The tear steal from thine eye so blue?
If then thy guiltless bosom strove
In blissful dreams of conscious love,
And even shrunk from proffer bland
Of lover's visionary hand,
On such ecstatic dream when brake
The music of the midnight wake,
Hast thou not weened thyself on high,
List'ning to angel's melody,
'Scaped from a world of cares away,
To dream of love and bliss for aye?

The dream dispelled, the music gone,
Hast thou not, sighing, all alone,
Proffered thy vows to heaven, and then
Blest the sweet wake, and slept again?

Then list, ye maidens, to my lay,
Though old the tale, and past the day;
Those wakes, now played by minstrels poor,
At midnight's darkest, chillest hour,
Those humble wakes, now scorned by all,
Were first begun in courtly hall,

And all her valleys smile in peac
The spring was past, the summe
Still vacant stood the Scottish th
But scarce had autumn's mellow
Waved her rich banner o'er the
When rang the shouts, from towe
That Scotland's Queen was on t
Swift spread the news o'er down
Swift as the lively autumn gale;
Away, away, it echoed still,
O'er many a moor and Highland
Till rang each glen and verdant
From Cheviot to the northern ma

Each bard attuned the loyal l
And for Dunedin hied away;
Each harp was strung in woodla
In praise of beauty's bonniest flo
The chiefs forsook their ladies fa
The priest his beads and books
The farmer left his harvest day,
The shepherd all his flocks to str
The forester forsook the wood,
And hasted on to Holyrood.

After a youth, by woes o'erca
After a thousand sorrows past,



The lovely Mary once again
Set foot upon her native plain;
Kneeled on the pier with modest grace,
And turned to heaven her beauteous face.
'Twas then the caps in air were blended,
A thousand thousand shouts ascended;
Shivered the breeze around the throng;
Gray barrier cliffs the peals prolong;
And every tongue gave thanks to heaven,
That Mary to their hopes was given.

Her comely form and graceful mien,
Bespoke the Lady and the Queen;
The woes of one so fair and young,
Moved every heart and every tongue.
Driven from her home, a helpless child,
To brave the winds and billows wild;
An exile bred in realms afar,
Amid commotions, broils, and war.
In one short year her hopes all crossed,—
A parent, husband, kingdom lost!
And all ere eighteen years had shed
Their honours o'er her royal head.
For such a Queen, the Stuart's heir,
A Queen so courteous, young, and fair,
Who would not every foe defy!
Who would not stand! who would not die!

Light on her airy steed she sprung,
Around with golden tassels hung,
No chieftain there rode half so free,
Or half so light and gracefully.
How sweet to see her ringlets pale
Wide waving in the southland gale,
Which through the broom-wood blossoms flew,
To fan her cheeks of rosy hue!

When Mary turned her w
On rocks that seemed to prc
On palace, park, and battle
On lake, on river, sea, and i
O'er woods and meadows b
To distant mountains wild a
She thought the isle that ga
The sweetest, wildest land

Slowly she ambled on her
Amid her lords and ladies g
Priest, abbot, layman, all w
And Presbyter with look se
These rode the lords of Fra
Of England, Flanders, and
While serried thousands rou
From shore of Leith to Hol

Though Mary's heart wa
To find a home so wild and
To see a gathered nation b
And rays of joy from every
Though frequent shouts the
Though courtiers bowed, a



That Caledonia's rugged land
Might scorn a lady's weak command,
And the Red Lion's haughty eye
Scowl at a maiden's feet to lie?

No: 'twas the notes of Scottish song,
Soft pealing from the countless throng.
So mellowed came the distant swell,
That on her ravished ear it fell
Like dew of heaven, at evening close,
On forest flower or woodland rose.
For Mary's heart, to nature true,
The powers of song and music knew:
But all the choral measures bland,
Of anthems rung in southern land,
Appeared an useless pile of art,
Unfit to sway or melt the heart,
Compared with that which floated by,—
Her simple native melody.

As she drew nigh the Abbey stile,
She halted, reined, and bent the while:
She heard the Caledonian lyre
Pour forth its notes of Runick fire:
But scarcely caught the ravished Queen,
The minstrel's song that flowed between;
Entranced upon the strain she hung,
'Twas thus the gray-haired minstrel sung.—

THE SONG.

"O! Lady dear, fair is thy noon,
But man is like the inconstant moon:
Last night she smiled o'er lawn and lea;
That moon will change, and so will he.

Say, rears your steed too fierce a
Or sits your golden seat awry?—

Ah! no, my Lord! this noble
Of Rouen's calm and generous b
Has borne me over hill and plain
Swift as the dun-deer of the Sein
But such a wild and simple lay,
Poured from the harp of minstrel
My every sense away it stole,
And swayed awhile my rapture
O! say my Lord, (for you must k
What strains along your valleys fl
And all the hoards of Highland l
Was ever song so sweet before?—

Replied the Earl, as round he
Feeble the strain that minstrel s
My royal Dame, if once you hea
The Scottish lay from Highland
Then might you say, in raptures
No song was ever half so sweet!

It nerves the arm of warrior
To deeds of more than mortal m
'Twill make the maid, in all he
Fall weeping in her lover's arm
'Twill charm the mermaid fro
Make mountain oaks to bend a



Thrill every heart with horrors dire,
And shape the breeze to forms of fire.

When poured from greenwood-bower at even,
'Twill draw the spirits down from heaven;
And all the fays that haunt the wood,
To dance around in frantic mood,
And tune their mimic harps so boon
Beneath the cliff and midnight moon.
Ah! yes my Queen! if once you heard
The Scottish lay from Highland bard,
Then might you say, in raptures meet,
No song was ever half so sweet.

Queen Mary lighted in the court;
Queen Mary joined the evening's sport;
Yet though at table all were seen
To wonder at her air and mien;
Though courtiers fawned and ladies sung,
Still in her ear the accents rung,—
"*Watch thy young bosom and maiden eye,*
"*For the shower must fall and the flowret die.*"
And much she wished to prove ere long,
The wonderous powers of Scottish song.

When next to ride the Queen was bound,
To view the lands and city round,
On high amid the gathered crowd,
A herald thus proclaim'd aloud:—

"Peace, peace to Scotland's wasted vales,
To her dark heaths and Highland dales;
To her brave sons of warlike mood,
To all her daughters fair and good;
Peace o'er her ruined vales shall pour,
Like beam of heaven behind the shower.

" The soul of warrior stern to ch
And bigotry and rage disarm,
Our Queen commands, that every b
Due honours have, and high regard
If, to his song of rolling fire,
He join the Caledonian lyre,
And skill in legendary lore,
Still higher shall his honours soar.
For all the arts beneath the heaven
That man has found, or God has giv
None draws the soul so sweet away
As music's melting mystic lay;
Slight emblem of the bliss above,
It soothes the spirit all to love.

" To cherish this attractive art,
To lull the passions, mend the hea
And break the moping zealot's cha
Hear what our lovely Queen ordai

" Each Caledonian bard must s
Her courtly halls on Easter week,
That then the royal wake may be
Cheered by their thrilling minstrel
No ribaldry the Queen must hear,
No song unmeet for maiden's ear,
No jest, nor adulation bland,
But legends of our native land;



And he whom most the court regards,
High be his honours and rewards.
Let every Scottish bard give ear,
Let every Scottish bard appear;
He then before the court must stand,
In native garb, with harp in hand.
At home no minstrel dare to tarry:
High the behest.—God save Queen Mary!"

Little recked they, that countless throng,
Of music's power or minstrel's song;
But crowding their young Queen around,
Whose stately courser pawed the ground,
Her beauty more their wonder swayed,
Than all the noisy herald said;
Judging the proffer all in sport,
An idle whim of idle court.
But many a bard preferred his prayer:
For many a Scottish bard was there.
Quaked each fond heart with rapture strong,
Each thought upon his harp and song;
And turning home without delay,
Coned his wild strain by mountain gray.

Each glen was sought for tales of old,
Of luckless love, of warrior bold,
Of ravished maid, or stolen child
By freakish fairy of the wild;
Of sheeted ghost, that had revealed
Dark deeds of guilt from man concealed;
Of boding dreams, of wondering spright,
Of dead-lights glimmering through the night.
Yea, every tale of ruth or weir,
Could waken pity, love, or fear,
Were decked anew, with anxious pain,
And sung to native airs again.

And all his flocks rest in the fol
Fondly he strikes, beside the pe
The harp of Yarrow's braken g

December came ; his aspect
Glared deadly o'er the mounta
A polar sheet was round him flu
And ice-spears at his girdle hu
O'er frigid field, and drifted co
He strode undaunted and alone
Or, throned amid the Grampia
Kept thaws and suns of heaven

Not stern December's fierce
Could quench the flame of min
Little recked they, our bards o
Of Autumn's showers, or Wint
Sound slept they on the nighted
Lulled by the winds or babblin
Curtained within the Winter cl
The heath their couch, the sky
Yet their's the strains that tou
Bold, rapid, wild, and void of

Unlike the bards, whose mill
Delight in these degenerate day
Their crystal spring, and heath
Is changed to wine and couch
Effeminate as lady gay,—
Such as the bard, so is his lay !

But then was seen, from every vale,
Through drifting snows and rattling hail,
Each Caledonian minstrel true,
Drest in his plaid and bonnet blue,
With harp across his shoulders slung,
And music murmuring round his tongue,
Forcing his way, in r:ptures high,
To Holyrood his skill to try.

Ah! when at home the songs they raised,
When gaping rustics stood and gazed,
Each bard believed, with ready will,
Unmatched his song, unmatched his skill!
But when the royal halls appeared,
Each aspect changed, each bosom feared;
And when in court of Holyrood
Filed harps and bards around him stood,
His eye emitted cheerless ray,
His hope, his spirit sunk away:
There stood the minstrel, but his mind
Seemed left in native glen behind.

Unknown to men of sordid heart,
What joys the poet's hopes impart;
Unknown, how his high soul is torn
By cold neglect, or canting scorn:
That meteor torch of mental light,
A breath can quench, or kindle bright.
Oft has that mind, which braved serene
The shafts of poverty and pain,
The Summer toil, the Winter blast,
Fallen victim to a frown at last.
Easy the boon he asks of thee;
O! spare his heart in courtesy!

Eyes measured each from he
Much wonder rose, that men
Men save with rapture neve
Looked only so,—they could
Like other men, and scarce
Though keen the blast, and
When twilight closed that d
When round the table al we
Small heart had they to talk
Red look askance, blunt whi
Aukward remark, uncourtly
Were all that past in that b
That groupe of genuine sons

One did the honours of th
Who seemed a courtier or s
Strange his array and speec
Gael deemed him southern-
Courteous his mien, his acc
Lady in manner as in make
Yet round the board a whis
That that same gay and sin
A minstrel was of wonderou
Who from a distant region c
To bear the prize beyond th
To the green shores of Italy

The wine was served, an
Insensibly it stole away.



Thrice did they drain th' allotted store,
And wondering skinkers dun for more:
Which vanished swifter than the first,—
Little weened they the poet's thirst.

Still as that ruddy juice they drained,
The eyes were cleared, the speech regained;
And latent sparks of fancy glowed,
Till one abundant torrent flowed
Of wit, of humour, social glee,
Wild music, mirth, and revelry.

Just when a jest had thrilled the crowd,
Just when the laugh was long and loud,
Entered a squire with summons smart;—
That was the knell that pierced the heart:—
"The court awaits;"---he bowed---was gone---
Our bards sat changed to busts of stone.
As e'er ye heard the green-wood dell,
On morn of June one warbled swell,
If burst the thunder from on high,
How hushed the woodland melody!
Even so our bards sunk at the view
Of what they wished, and what they knew.

Their numbers given, the lots were cast,
To fix the names of first and last;
Then to the dazzling hall were led,
Poor minstrels less alive than dead.

There such a scene entranced the view,
As heart of poet never knew.
'Twas not the flash of golden gear,
Nor blaze of silver chandelier;
Not Scotland's chiefs of noble air,
Nor dazzling rows of ladies fair;

Look dim above yon beami
Yon cheeks outvie the daw
Red shadowed on a wreath

Oft the rapt bard had tho
Of charms by mankind neve
Of virgins, pure as opening d
Or bosom of the flower of Ma
Oft dreamed of beings free fr
Of maidens of the emerald m
Of fairy dames in grove at ev
Of angels in the walks of hea
But, nor in earth, the sea, no
In fairy dream, nor fancy's ey
Vision his soul had ever seen,
Like MARY STUART, Scotla



THE

QUEEN'S WAKE.

NIGHT THE FIRST.

HUSHED was the court—the courtiers gazed—
Each eye was bent, each soul amazed,
To see that groupe of genuine worth,
Those far-famed minstrels of the north.
So motley wild their garments seemed;
Their eyes, where tints of madness gleamed,
Fired with impatience every breast,
And expectation stood confest.

Short was the pause; the stranger youth,
The gaudy minstrel of the south,
Whose glossy eye and lady form
Had never braved the northern storm,
Stepped lightly forth,—kneeled three times
low,—
And then, with many a smile and bow,
Mounted the form amid the ring,
And rung his harp's responsive string.
Though true the chords, and mellow-toned,
Long, long he twisted, long he coned;
Well pleased to hear his name they knew;
'Tis Rizzio!" round in whispers flew.

With pain by night, and care by d
He framed this fervid, flowery lay.

MALCOLM OF LOR

THE FIRST BARD'S SON

I.

Came ye by Ora's verdant steep,
That smiles the restless ocean o
Heard ye a suffering maiden weep
Heard ye her name a faithful lo
Saw ye an aged matron stand
O'er yon green grave above the s
Bent like the trunk of withered tr
Or yon old thorn that sips the sea
Fixed her dim eye, her face as pa
As the mists that o'er her flew:
Her joy is fled like the flower of t
Her hope like the morning dew
That matron was lately as proud
As the mightiest monarch of scep
O list to the tale! 'tis a tale of so
Of Malcolm of Lorn, and young
Ora.

II.

The sun is sweet at early morn,
Just blushing from the ocean's



The rose that decks the woodland's thorn
  Is fairest in its opening blossom;
Sweeter than opening rose in dew,
Than vernal flowers of richest hue,
Than fragrant birch or weeping willow,
Than red sun resting on the billow:
Sweeter than aught to mortals giv'n
  The heart and soul to prove;
Sweeter than aught beneath the heaven,
  The joys of early love!
Never did maiden, and manly youth,
Love with such fervour, and love with such truth;
Or pleasures and virtues alternately borrow,
As Malcolm of Lorn, and fair Ann of Glen-Ora.

III.

The day is come, the dreaded day,
  Must part two loving hearts for ever;
The ship lies rocking in the bay,
  The boat comes rippling up the river:
O happy has the gloaming's eye
  In green Glen-Ora's bosom seen them!
But soon shall lands and nations lie,
  And angry oceans roll between them.
Yes, they must part, for ever part;
Chill falls the truth on either heart;
For honour, titles, wealth, and state,
In distant lands her sire await.
The maid must with her sire away,
  She cannot stay behind:
Strait to the south the pennons play,
  And steady is the wind.
Shall Malcolm relinquish the home of his youth,
And sail with his love to the lands of the south?

The boat impatient leans
Her prow sleeps on a s
The rower leans upon his
Already bent to brush
O! Malcolm, view yon m
With tears yon stainles
O! Malcolm, list thy mot
She's leaning o'er her s
Thy Anna's heart is boun
And must that gentle hea
Quick from the shore the
Her soul is speaking thr
Think of thy joys in Ora'
From Anna canst thou
Think of the vows thou
To love the dear maid
And canst thou forego su
Such maiden honour and
Forbid it!—He yields; 1
nigh.
Haste, Malcolm, aboard
eye.

says no word to mar thy bliss;
ıst embrace, a parting kiss,
r love deserves;—then be thou gone;
nother's joys are thine alone.
:ndship may fade, and fortune prove
)eceitful to thy heart;
never can a mother's love
'rom her own offspring part.
ıt tender form, now bent and gray,
ll quickly sink to her native clay;
:n who shall watch her parting breath,
l shed a tear o'er her couch of death?
ıo follow the dust to its long, long home,
d lay that head in an honoured tomb?

VI.

hast thou, to her bosom prest,
'or many a day about been borne;
hushed and cradled on her breast,
nd canst thou leave that breast forlorn?
r all thy ails her heart has bled;
has she watched beside thy bed;
prayed for thee in dell at even,
eath the pitying stars of heaven.
! Malcolm, ne'er was parent yet
o tender, so benign!
'er was maid so loved, so sweet,
for soul so rent as thine!
looked to the boat—slow she heaved from
the shore;
saw his loved Anna all speechless implore:
, grasped by a cold and a trembling hand,
clung to his parent, and sunk on the strand.

VII.

: boat across the tide flew fast,
nd left a silver curve behind:

Yon fleeting vision to descry:
But, ah! her lessening form so fair,
Soon vanished in the liquid air.
Away to Ora's headland steep
The youth retired the while,
And saw th' unpitying vessel sweep
Around yon Highland isle.
His heart and his mind with that vessel h
His sorrow was deep, and despairing hi
When, lifting his eyes from the green
deep,
He prayed the Almighty his Anna to k

VIII.

High o'er the crested cliffs of Lorn
The curlew coned her wild bravura;
The sun, in pall of purple borne,
Was hastening down the steeps of J
The glowing ocean heaved her breast,
Her wandering lover's glances under
And showed his radiant form, imprest
Deep in a wavy world of wonder.
Not all the ocean's dyes at even,
Though varied as the bow of heaven;
The countless isles so dusky blue,
Nor medley of the gray curlew,
Could light on Malcolm's spirit shed;
Their glory all was gone!

r his joy was fled, his hope was dead,
And his heart forsaken and lone.
ıe sea-bird sought her roofless nest,
› warm her brood with her downy breast;
ıd near her home, on the margin den,
mother weeps her darling son.

IX.

ıe little boat alone is seen
On all the lovely dappled main,
ıat softly sinks the waves between,
Then vaults their heaving breasts again;
'ith snowy sail, and rower's sweep,
Across the tide she seems to fly.
'hy bears she on yon headland steep,
Where neither house nor home is nigh?
that a vision from the deep
ıat springs ashore and scales the steep,
›r ever stays its ardent haste
ll sunk upon young Malcolm's breast!
! spare that breast so lowly laid,
So fraught with deepest sorrow!
is his own, his darling maid,
Young Anna of Glen-Ora!
My Malcolm! part we ne'er again!
y father saw thy bosom's pain;
tied my grief from thee to sever;
ow I, and Glen-Ora, am thine for ever!"

X.

hat blaze of joy, through clouds of wo,
Too fierce upon his heart did fall.
ut, ah! the shaft had left the bow,
Which power of man could not recall!
o word of love could Malcolm speak;
No raptured kiss his lips impart;

How throbs that breast!--l
One shiver more!—All! a
As melts the wave on leve
As fades the dye of falling
Far on the silver verge of l
As on thy ear, the minstre
So died the comely youth

The strain died soft in r
Nor breath nor whisper 'g
From courtly circle; all a
As midnight on the lonely
So well that foreign minst
Had mimicked passion, w
Seemed even the chilly ha
Stealing away his mellow
So sighed—so stopp'd—so
His spirit too seemed fled

'Tis true, the gay atten
Admired, but loved not m
Admired his wonderous vo



ng so vapid, artful, terse,
e'er compete with Scottish verse.

he, the fairest of the fair,
t enthroned in gilded chair,
illed in foreign minstrelsy
ful airs of Italy,
d his song, with raptures wild,
the happy minstrel smiled.
d the wily stranger's eye
tice most he wished espy,
oured his numbers bold and free,
oy the grace of majesty ;
hen his last notes died away,
sunk in well-feigned death he lay,
round the crowd began to ring,
ng his spirit on the wing,—
the dames she came along,
sighed, and marvelled 'mid the throng.
ien they raised him, it was said
auteous Sovereign deigned her aid ;
her hands, so soft and warm,
the minstrel's hand and arm.
ped his eye with rapture fired ;
led, and, bowing oft, retired ;
he so soon had realized,
nore than gold or fame he prized.

: in the list was Gardyn's name :
ner called than forth he came.
he strode, nor bow made he,
en a look of courtesy.
npering cringe, and fawning look,
who late the lists forsook,
his proud heart, and fired his eye,
lowed with native dignity.

Upon his harp, of wonderous fr
Was carved his lineage and his na
There stood the cross that name
Fair emblem of Almighty love;
Beneath rose an embossment prou
A rose beneath a thistle bowed.

Lightly upon the form he sprun
And his bold harp impetuous run
Not one by one the chords he trie
But brushed them o'er from side t
With either hand, so rapid, loud,
Shook were the halls of Holyrood
Then in a mellow tone, and stron
He poured this wild and dreadful

YOUNG KENNEDY

THE SECOND BARD'S SO

I.

When the gusts of October had ri
Had dappled the woodland, and
plain,
In den of the mountain was Kenn

The white nobs of ice from the chilled nipple hung,
And loud winter-torrents his lullaby sung.

II.

Unheeded he shivered, unheeded he cried;
Soon died on the breeze of the forest his moan,
To his wailings, the weary wood-echo replied;
His watcher, the wondering redbreast alone.
Oft gaz'd his young eye on the whirl of the storm,
And all the wild shades that the desert deform;
From cleft in the correi, which thunders had riven,
It oped on the pale fleeting billows of heaven.

III.

The nursling of misery, young Kennedy learned
His hunger, his thirst, and his passions to feed:
With pity for others his heart never yearned—
Their pain was his pleasure—their sorrow his meed.
His eye was the eagle's, the twilight his hue;
His stature like pine of the hill where he grew;
His soul was the neal-fire, inhaled from his den,
And never knew fear, save for ghost of the glen.

IV.

His father a chief, for barbarity known,
Proscribed, and by gallant Macdougal expelled;
Where rolls the dark Teith through the valley of Down,
The conqueror's menial, he toiled in the field;
His master he loved not, obeyed with a scowl,
Scarce smothered his hate, and his rancour of soul;

rue !
O ! why was the sphere of thy lov
Inlaid with the diamond, and
dew !
Thy father's sole daughter ; his h
care ;
The child of his age, and the child
And thine was the heart that wa
kind,
And light as the feather that sport

VI.

To her home, from the Lowlands,
turned ;
All fair was her form, and untain
Young Kennedy saw her, his appe
As fierce as the moor-flame imp
wind.
Was it love ? No ; the ray his da
knew,
That spark which eternity burns
'Twas the flash of desire, kindled
venge,
Which savages feel the brown dese

Too oft, in a moment, thy peace overthrown,—
Fair butt of delusion, of passion and guile!
What heart will not bleed for Matilda so gay,
To art and to long perseverance a prey?
Why sings yon scared blackbird in sorrowful mood,
Why blushes the daisy deep in the green wood?

VIII.

Sweet woman! with virtue thou'rt lofty, thou'rt free;
Yield that, thou'rt a slave, and a mark of disdain:
No blossom of spring is beleagured like thee,
Though brushed by the lightning, the wind, and the rain.
Matilda is fallen! With tears in her eye,
She seeks her destroyer; but only can sigh.
Matilda is fallen, and sorrow her doom,—
The flower of the valley is nipt in the bloom.

IX.

Ah! Kennedy; vengeance hangs over thine head!
Escape to thy native Glengary forlorn.
Why art thou at midnight away from thy bed?
Why quakes thy big heart at the break of the morn?
Why chatters yon magpie on gable so loud?
Why flits yon light vision in gossamer shroud?
How came yon white doves from the window to fly,
And hover on weariless wing to the sky?

Why slumbers Macdougal so long in
Ah! pale on his couch the old chi
dead.

XI.

Though grateful the hope to the deat
flies,
That lovers and friends o'er our
weep:
The soul, when released from her ling
In secret may see if their sorrows
Who wept for the worthy Macdou
one!
His darling Matilda, who, two mont
Would have mourned for her father
extreme,
Indulged in a painful delectable drea

XII.

But, why do the matrons, while dr
dead,
Sit silent, and look as if someth
knew?
Why gaze on the features? Why n
the head,
And point at the bosom so dappled



Say, was there foul play?—Then, why sleeps
the red thunder?
Ah! hold, for suspicion stands silent with wonder.
The body's entomb'd, and the green turf laid
over,—
Matilda is wed to her dark Highland lover.

XIII.

Yes, the new moon that stooped over green
Aberfoyle,
And shed her light dews on a father's new
grave,
Beheld, in her wane, the gay wedding turmoil,
And lighted the bride to her chamber at eve:
Blue, blue was the heaven; and o'er the wide
—scene,
A vapoury silver veil floated serene,
A fairy perspective, that bore from the eye
Wood, mountain, and meadow, in distance to lie.

XIV.

The scene was so still, it was all like a vision;
The lamp of the moon seemed as fading for
ever.
'Twas awfully soft, without shade or elision;
And nothing was heard but the rush of the
river.
But why won't the bride-maidens walk on the
lea,
Nor lovers steal out to the sycamore tree?
Why turn to the hall with those looks of confusion?
There's nothing abroad!—'tis a dream!—a delusion!

Each window barred up, and the
over;
Each white maiden bosom still h
And fix'd on another each fear-s

XVI.

'Tis all an illusion! the lamp let
Come, rouse thee, old minstr
renown,
The old cup is empty, fill round
And drink the young pair to
just gone.
Ha! why is the cup from the li
Why fixed every form like a sta
Say, whence is that noise and tha
mour?
Oh, heavens! it comes from the
chamber.

XVII.

O! haste thee, Strath-Allan, Gl
These outcries beto wild h
The dull ear of midn t is stun
may:

Then why do you hesitate? why do you stand
With claymore unsheathed, and red taper in hand?

XVIII.

The tumult is o'er; not a murmur nor groan;
What footsteps so madly pace through the saloon?
'Tis Kennedy, naked and ghastly, alone,
Who hies him away by the light of the moon.
All prostrate and bleeding, Matilda they found,
The threshold her pillow, her couch the cold ground:
Her features distorted, her colour the clay,
Her feelings, her voice, and her reason away.

XIX.

Ere morn they returned: but how well had they never!
They brought with them horror too deep to sustain;
Returned but to chasten, and vanish for ever,
To harrow the bosom, and fever the brain.
List, list to her tale, youth, levity, beauty;—
O! sweet is the path of devotion and duty!—
When pleasure smiles sweetest, dread danger and death,
And think of Matilda, the flower of the Teith.

XX.

THE BRIDE'S TALE.

"I had just laid me down, but no word could I pray;
I had pillowed my head, and drawn up the bed cover;
I thought of the bed where my loved father lay,
So damp and so cold, with the grass growing over.

" Bestower of being! in p
That sight from the eye c
That page from the volume
Or memory and being et
My father approached; o
drew;
Ah! well the gray locks a
knew.
I saw his fixt eye balls indig
Yet still in that look there v

XXII.

" O! hide thee, my daughte
O haste from the bed of th
Embrace not thy husband, u
Thy red cup of misery alre
He strangled thy father! thy
way;
Thy heart yet is blameless, O fl
Thy portion of life must cala
But fly while there's hope of
heaven.

XXIII.

" And thou, fell destroyer of v
O! well may'st thou quake
doom;
For body or soul, with barbari
On earth is no refuge, in hea

Fly whither thou wilt, I will follow thee still,
To dens of the forest, or mists of the hill;
The task I'm assigned, which I'll never forego,
But chase thee from earth to thy dwelling below.

XXIV.

" The cave shall not cover, the cloud shall not
hide thee;
At noon I will wither thy sight with my frown;
In gloom of the night, I will lay me beside thee,
And pierce with this weapon thy bosom of
stone.
Fast fled the despoiler with howlings most dire;
Fast followed the spirit with rapier of fire;—
Away, and away, through the silent saloon,
And away, and away, by the light of the moon.

XXV.

" To follow I tried, but sunk down at the door.
Alas! from that trance that I ever awoke.
How wanders my mind! I shall see him no
more.
Till God shall yon gates everlasting unlock.
My poor brow is open, 'tis burning with pain,
O kiss it, sweet vision! O kiss it again!
Now give me thine hand; I will fly! I will fly!
Away, on the morn's dappled wing, to the sky."

XXVI.

THE CONCLUSION.

O! shepherd of Braco, look well to thy flock,
The piles of Glen-Ardochy murmur and jar;
The rook and the raven converse from the rock,
The beasts of the forest are howling afar.

Ah! shepherd, thy kids wander sa
Thy lambs feed in peace on l
brow;
Then why is the hoary cliff sheet
And what the poor carcass li
low?
Oh hie thee away to thy hut at t
And dig a lone grave on the to
tain;
But fly it for ever when falls the
For there a grim phantom still na

Gardyn with stately step withdr
While plaudits round the circle

Wo that the bard, whose thri
Has poured from age to age alo
Should perish from the lists of fa
And lose his only boon, a name.
Yet many a song of wonderous
Well known in cot and green-w
Wherever swells the shepherd's
On Yarrow's banks and braes o
Yes, many a song of olden time,
Of rude array, and air sublime,
Though long on time's dark whi
The song is saved, the bard is l

Yet have I weened, when these I sung
On Ettrick banks, while mind was young;
When on the eve their strains I threw,
And youths and maidens round me drew;
Or chaunted in the lonely glen,
Far from the haunts and eyes of men;
Yes, I have weened, with fondest sigh,
The spirit of the bard was nigh;
Swung by the breeze on braken pile,
Or hovering o'er me with a smile.
Would fancy still her dreams combine,
That spirit, too, might breathe on mine;
Well pleased to see her songs the joy
Of that poor lonely shepherd boy.

'Tis said, and I believe the tale,
That many rhymes which still prevail,
Of genuine ardour, bold and free,
Were aye admired, and aye will be,
Had never been, or shortly stood,
But for that Wake at Holyrood.
Certes that many a bard of name,
Who there appeared and strove for fame,
No record names, nor minstrel's tongue:
Not even are known the lays they sung.

The fifth was from a western shore,
Where rolls the dark and sullen Orr.
Of peasant make, and doubtful mien,
Affecting airs of proud disdain;
Wide curled his raven locks and high,
Dark was his visage, dark his eye,
That glanced around on dames and men
Like falcons on the cliffs of Ken.
No one could read the character,
If *knave* or *genius* writ was there;

When first the bard his song o
Of dreams and bodings hard t
Listened the Court with sidel
In wonder how the strain wou
But long ere that, it grew so
They scarce from hooting cou
And when the minstrel ceased
A smothered hiss ran round th
Red looked our bard around
With eye of fire, and face of
Sprung to his seat, with awkv
And muttered curses dark an

The sixth, too, from that cc
Where heath-cocks bay o'er
Where Summer spreads her p
O'er moors, where greenswar
Nor shade, o'er all the prospec
Save crusted rock, or warrior'

Gentle his form, his manner
His harp was soft, his voice w
He sung Lochryan's hapless n
In bloom of youth by love bet
Turned from her lover's cowe
To brave the chilly midnight
And bitterer far, the pangs to
Of ruined fame, and slighted l



A tender babe, her arms within,
Sobbing and "shivering at the chin."
No lady's cheek in court was dry,
So softly poured the melody.

The eighth was from the Leven coast:
The rest who sung that night are lost.

Mounted the bard of Fife on high,
Bushy his beard, and wild his eye:
His haggard cheek was pale as clay,
And his thin locks were long and gray.
Some wizard of the wild he seemed,
Who through the scenes of life had dreamed
Of spells that vital life benumb,
Of formless spirits wandering dumb,
Where aspins in the moonbeam quake,
By mouldering pile, or mountain lake.

He deemed that fays and spectres wan
Held converse with the thoughts of man:
In dreams their future fates foretold,
And spread the death-flame on the wold:
Or flagged at eve each restless wing,
In dells their vesper hymns to sing.

Such was our bard, such were his lays:
And long by green Benarty's base,
His wild wood notes, from ivy cave,
Had waked the dawning from the wave.
At evening fall, in lonesome dale,
He kept strange converse with the gale:
Held worldly pomp in high derision,
And wandered in a world of vision.

Quhare haif ye been, ye ill
These three lang nightis
Quhat garris the sweit dra
Like clotis of the saut se

"It fearis me muckil ye h
Quhat good man never k
It fearis me muckil ye haif
Quhare the gray cock n

"But the spell may cra
breck,
Then sherpe yer werde
Ye had better sleipe in yer
Wi' yer deir littil bairni

'Sit dune, sit dune, my leil
Sit dune, and listin to m
I'll gar the hayre stand on
And the cauld sweit blir

'The first leet night, quhan the new moon set,
Quhan all was douffe and mirk,
We saddled ouir naigis wi' the moon-fern leif,
And rode fra Kilmerrin kirk.

'Some horses ware of the brume-cow framit,
And some of the greine bay tree:
But mine was made of ane humloke schaw,
And a stout stallion was he.

'We raide the tod doune on the hill,
The martin on the law;
And we huntyd the hoolet out of brethe,
And forcit him doune to fa.'—

"Quhat guid was that, ye ill womyne?
Quhat guid was that to thee?
Ye wald better haif bein in yer bed at hame,
Wi' yer deir littil bairnis and me."—

'And aye we raide, and se merrily we raide,
Throw the merkist gloffis of the night;
And we swam the floode, and we darnit the woode,
Till we cam to the Lommond height.

'And quhen we cam to the Lommond height,
Se lythlye we lychtid doune;
And we drank fra the hornis that never grew,
The beer that was never browin.

'Then up there rase ane wee wee man,
Franethe the moss-gray stane;
His fece was wan like the collifloure,
For he nouthir had blude nor bane.

And it soupit alang the Loch Leven,
And wakinit the white sea-mew.

'It rang se sweet through the grein Lo
Se sweitly butt and se shill,
That the wezilis laup out of their moulc
And dancit on the mydnycht hill.

'The corby craw cam gledgin near,
The ern gede veeryng bye;
And the troutis laup out of the Leven I
Charmit with the melodye.

'And aye we dancit on the grein Lomn
Till the dawn on the ocean grew:
Ne wonder I was a weary wycht
Quhan I cam hame to you.'—

"Quhat guid, quhat guid, my weird wei
Quhat guid was that to thee?
Ye wald better haif bein in yer bed at
Wi' yer deir littil bairnis and me."—

'The second nycht, quan the new moo
O'er the roaryng sea we flew;
The cockle-shell our trusty bark,
Our sailis of the grein sea-rue.

'And the bauld windis blew, and the fire-
fluctis flew,
And the sea ran to the skie;
And the thunner it growlit, and the sea-dogs
howlit,
As we gaed scouryng bye.

'And aye we mountit the sea-grein hillis,
Quhill we brushit thro' the cludis of the hevin;
Than sousit dounright like the stern-shot light,
Fra the liftis blue casement driven.

'But our taickil stood, and our bark was good,
And se pang was our pearily prowe;
Quhan we culdna speil the brow of the wavis,
We needilit them throu belowe.

'As fast as the hail, as fast as the gale,
As fast as the mydnycht leme,
We borit the brieste of the burstyng swale,
Or fluffit i' the flotyng faem.

'And quhan to the Norraway shore we wan,
We muntyd our steedis of the wynd,
And we splashit the floode, and we darnit the
woode,
And we left the shouir behynde.

'Fleet is the roe on the grein Lommond,
And swift is the couryng grew;
The rein-deir dun can eithly run,
Quhan the houndis and the hornis pursue.

'But nowther the roe, nor the rein-deir dun,
The hinde nor the couryng grew,
Culd fly owr muntaine, muir, and dale,
As owr braw steedis they flew.

The fairies war all in array,
For all the genii of the north
War keepyng their holeday.

'The warlock men and the weerd wemyng
And the fays of the wood and the steep,
And the phantom hunteris all war there,
And the mermaidis of the deep.

'And they washit us all with the witch-wi
Distillit frae the moorland dew,
Quhill our beauty blumit like the Lapland
That wylde in the foreste grew.'—

"Ye lee, ye lee, ye ill womyne,
Se loud as I heir ye lee!
For the warst-fourd wyfe on the shoris of
Is cumyle comparet wi' thee."---

'Then the mer-maidis sang and the woo
dis rang,
Se sweetly swellit the quire;
On every cliff a herpe they hang,
On every tree a lyre.

'And aye they sang, and the woodlandis
And we drank, and we drank se deep
Then soft in the armis of the warlock me
We laid us dune to sleep.'---



" Away, away, ye ill womyne,
And ill deide met ye dee!
Quhan ye hae pruvit se false to your God,
Ye can never pruve trew to me."---

' And there we lernit fra the fairy foke
And fra our master true,
The wordis that can beire us throu the air,
And lokkis and baris undo.

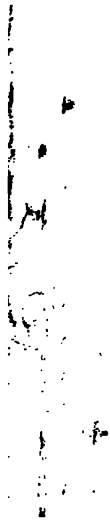
' Last nycht we met at Maisry's cot;
Richt weil the wordis we knew;
And we set a foot on the black cruik-shell,
And out at the lum we flew.

' And we flew owr hill, and we flew owr dale,
And we flew owr firth and sea,
Until we cam to merry Carlisle,
Quhar we lightit on the lea.

' We gaed to the vault beyound the towir,
Quhar we enterit free as ayr;
And we drank, and we drank of the bishopis wyne
Quhill we culde drynk ne mair.'---

" Gin that be trew, my gude auld wyfe,
Whilk thou hast tauld to me,
Betide my death, betide my lyfe,
I'll beire thee companye.

" Neist tyme ye gaung to merry Carlisle
To drynk of the blude-reid wyne,
Beshrew my heart, I'll fly with thee,
If the deil should fly behynde."---



The lofty crest of Ettrick
Was wavit about with
And, flichtering throu the
The chill chill mornyn

'As we flew owr the hill
The sun rase fair and
There gurly James, and
War out to hunt the d

'Their bowis they drew,
And peircit the ayr wi
Quhill purpil fell the mo
With witch-blude ranl

'Littil do ye ken, my sil
The dangeris we maur
Ne wonder I am a weary
Quhan I come hame t

"But tell me the *word*,
Come tell it me speedi
For I lang to drink of th
And to wyng the ayr

'O fy! O fy! my leil auld man,
That word I darena tell,
It wald turn this warld all upside down,
And make it warse than hell.

'For all the lasses in the land
Wald munt the wynd and fly,
And the men wald doff their doublets syde,
And after them wald ply.'---

But the auld gudeman was ane cunnyng auld man,
And ane cunnyng auld man was he,
And he watchit, and he watchit for mony a nychte,
The witches' flychte to see.

Ane nychte he darnit in Maisry's cot:
The fearless haggs came in:
And he heard the word of awsome weird,
And he saw their deedis of synn.

Then ane by ane, they said that word,
As fast to the fire they drew;
Then set a foot on the black cruik-shell,
And out at the lum they flew.

The auld gudeman came fra his hole
With feire and muckil dreide,
But yet he culdna think to rue,
For the wyne came in his head.

He set his foot in the black cruik-shell,
With ane fixit and ane wawlyng ee;
And he said the word that I darena say,
And out at the lum flew he.



... to the vaultis o
Quhair they enterit free
And they drank and they
wyne
Quhill they culde drynk

The auld gudeman he grew
He dancit on the mouldy
And he sang the bonniest so
And he tuzzlit the kerlyn

And aye he percit the tither
And he suckit, and he suc
Quhill his een they closit, a
low,
And his tongue wald hardl

The kerlyngs drank of the bi
Quhill they scentit the mor
Then clove again the yeilding
And left the auld man behy

And aye he slepit on the damp
He slepit and he snorit ama
He never dreamit he was

"Now quha are ye, ye silly auld man,
That sleepis se sound and se weil?
Or how gat ye into the bishopis vault
Throu lokkis and barris of steel?"

The auld gudeman he tryit to speak,
But ane word he culdna fynde;
He tryit to think, but his head whirlit round;
And ane thing he culdna mynde:—
"I cam fra Fyfe," the auld man cryit,
"And I cam on the midnycht wynde."

They nickit the auld man, and they prickit the auld man,
And they yerkit his limbis with twine,
Quhill the reid blude ran in his hose and shoon,
But some cryit it was wyne.

They lickit the auld man, and they prickit the auld man,
And they tyit him till ane stone;
And they set ane bele-fire him about,
To burn him skin and bone.

"O wae to me!" said the puir auld man,
"That ever I saw the day!
And wae be to all the ill wemyng
That lead puir men astray!

"Let nevir ane auld man after this
To lawless greide inclyne;
Let nevir ane auld man after this
Rin post to the deil for wyne."

The reike flew up in the auld manis face,
And choukit him bitterlye;

But they turnit their facis to the
With gloffe and wonderous gla
For they saw ane thing beth lai
Comin swaipin down the aire.

That burd it cam fra the landis
And it cam rycht tymeouslye,
For quha was it but the auld ma
Just comit his dethe to see.

Scho pat ane reide cap on his he
And the auld gudeman lookit
Then whisperit ane word intil hi
And tovit to the aire again.

The auld gudeman he gae ane l
I' the mids o' the burnyng low
And the sheklis that band him
They fell fra his armis like tc

He drew his breath, and he said
And he said it with muckle g
Then set his fit on the burnyng



His armis war spred, and his heide was hiche,
And his feite stack out behynde;
And the laibies of the auld manis cote
War wauffyng in the wynde.

And aye he neicherit, and aye he flew,
For he thochte the ploy se raire;
It was like the voice of the gainder blue,
When he flees throu the aire.

He lukit back to the Carlisle men
As he borit the norlan sky;
He noddit his heide, and gae ane girn,
But he nevir said gude-bye.

They vanisht far i' the liftis blue wale,
Ne maire the English saw,
But the auld manis lauche cam on the gale,
With a lang and a loud gaffa.

May everilke man in the land of Fife
Read what the drinkeris dree;
And nevir curse his puir auld wife,
Rychte wicked altho scho be.

When ceased the minstrel's crazy song,
His heedful glance embraced the throng,
And found the smile of free delight
Dimpling the cheeks of ladies bright.
Ah! never yet was bard unmoved,
When beauty smiled or birth approved!
For though his song he holds at nought—
"An idle strain! a passing thought!"—

By summer breezes lulled to re
Cradled on Levin's silver brea
Or slumbering on the distant se
Imparted sweeter ecstasy.

Nor even the angel of the nig
Kindling his holy sphere of ligh
Afar upon the heaving deep,
To light a world of peaceful sl
Though in her beam night-spiri
And lovely fays in circles dance
Or rank by rank rode lightly b
Was sweeter to our minstrel's e

Unheard the bird of morning
Unheard the breeze of Ocean bl
The night unweened had passed
And dawning ushered in the da
The Queen's young maids of ch
Aside the silken curtains drew,
And lo the Night, in still profou
In fleece of heaven had clothed
And still her furs, so light and fi
Floated along the morning air.

The Queen bent from her gilded chair,
And waved her hand with graceful air:—
"Break up the court, my lords; away,
And use the day as best you may,
In sleep, in love, or wassail cheer;
The day is dark, the evening near,
Say, will you grace my halls the while,
And in the dance the day beguile?
Break up the court, my lords; away,
And use the day as best you may.
Give order that my minstrels true
Have royal fare and honours due;
And warned by evening's bugle shrill,
We meet to judge their minstrel skill."—

Whether that royal wake gave birth
To days of sleep and nights of mirth,
Which kings and courtiers still approve,
Which sages blame, and ladies love,
Imports not;—but our courtly throng,
(That chapel wake being kept so long,)
Slept out the lowering short-lived days,
And heard by night their native lays,
Till fell the eve of Christmas good,
The dedication of the rood.

Ah me! at routs and revels gay,
Reproach of this unthrifty day,
Though none amongst the dames or men
Rank higher than a citizen,
In chair or chariot all are borne,
Closed from the piercing eye of morn;
But then, though dawning blasts were keen,
Scotland's high dames you might have seen,
Ere from the banquet hall they rose,
Shift their laced shoes and silken hose;

Sweet be her home, admi
Bliss to her couch in lover's
I bid in every minstrel's nam
I bid to every lovely dame,
That ever gave one hour aw
To cheer the bard or list his

To all who love the raptu
Of Scottish song and minstr
Till next the night, in sable
Shall wrap the halls of Hol
That rival minstrels' songs
I bid a hearty kind good mo

END OF NIGHT TH



THE

QUEEN'S WAKE.

NIGHT THE SECOND.

SCARCE fled the dawning's dubious gray,
So transient was that dismal day.
The lurid vapours, dense and stern,
Unpierced save by the crusted cairn,
In ten-fold shroud the heavens deform;
While far within the moving storm,
Travelled the sun in lonely blue,
And noontide wore a twilight hue.

The sprites that through the welkin wing,
That light and shade alternate bring,
That wrap the eve in dusky veil,
And weave the morning's purple rail;
From pendent clouds of deepest grain,
Shed that dull twilight o'er the main.
Each spire, each tower, and cliff sublime,
Were hooded in the wreathy rime;
And all, ere fell the murk of even,
Were lost within the folds of heaven.
It seemed as if the welkin's breast
Had bowed upon the world to rest;
As heaven and earth to close began,
And seal the destiny of man.

Then burst the bugle's lord
Along the earth's incumbent
Swam on the cloud and linge
To festive hall and lady's bo
And found its way, with rapi
To rocks far curtained in the
And waked their viewless bug
That sung the softened notes

Upsprung the maid from he
The matron from her silken se
The abbot from his holy shrin
The chiefs and warriors from
For aye the bugle seemed to s
"The Wake's begun! away,

Fast poured they in, all fair
Till crowded was the grand sa
And scarce was left a little rin
In which the rival bards might

First in the list that night to
Was Farquhar, from the hills
A gay and comely youth was h
And seemed of noble pedigree.
Well known to him Loch-Avi
And all the dens of dark Glen-
Where oft, amid his roving cla
His shaft had pierced the ptarn

And oft the dun-deer's velvet side
That winged shaft had ruthless dyed,
Had struck the heath-cock whirring high,
And brought the eagle from the sky.

Amid those scenes the youth was bred,
Where Nature's eye is stern and dread;
Mid forests dark, and caverns wild,
And mountains above mountains piled,
Whose hoary summits, tempest-riven,
Uprear eternal snows to heaven.

Aloof from battle's fierce alarms,
Prone his young mind to music's charms.
The cliffs and woods of dark Glen-More
He taught to chaunt in mystic lore;
For well he weened, by tarn and hill,
Kind viewless spirits wandered still;
And fondly trowed the groupes to spy,
Listening his cliff born melody.
On Leven's bard with scorn he looked,
His homely song he scarcely brooked;
But proudly mounting on the form,
Thus sung *The Spirit of the Storm.*

GLEN-AVIN.

THE NINTH BARD'S SONG.

Beyond the grizzly cliffs, which guard
The infant rills of Highland Dee,
Where hunter's horn was never heard,
Nor bugle of the forest bee;

Mid wastes that dern and dreary lie,
One mountain rears his mighty form,
Disturbs the moon in passing by,
And smiles above the thunder storm,

But mountain eagles breed their
And airy spirits ride the gale.

An hoary sage once lingered the
Intent to prove some mystic s
Though cavern deep, and forest
Had whooped November's bo

That noontide fell so stern and
The breath of nature seemed
The distant sigh of mountain ril
Alone disturbed that solemn d

Oft had that seer, at break of m
Beheld the fahm glide o'er th
And 'neath the new moon's silve
The fairies dancing in the dell

Had seen the spirits of the Glen,
In every form that Ossian kne
And wailings heard, for living m
Were never more the light to

But, ah! that dull foreboding da

Firm in his magic ring he stood,
When, lo! aloft on gray Cairn Gorm,
A form appeared that chilled his blood,—
The giant Spirit of the Storm.

His face was like the spectre wan,
Slow gliding from the midnight isle;
His stature, on the mighty plan
Of smoke-tower o'er the burning pile.

Red, red and grizzly were his eyes;
His cap the moon-cloud's silver gray;
His staff the writhed snake, that lies
Pale, bending o'er the milky-way.

He cried, "Away, begone, begone!
Half-naked, hoary, feeble form!
How dar'st thou hold my realms alone,
And brave the Angel of the Storm?"—

"And who art thou," the seer replied,
"That bear'st destruction on thy brow?
Whose eye no mortal can abide?
Dread mountain Spirit! what art thou?"

"Within this desert, dark and long,
Since rolled the world a shoreless sea,
I've held my elemental throne,
The terror of thy race and thee.

"I wrap the sun of heaven in blood,
Veiling his orient beams of light;
And hide the moon in sable shroud,
Far in the alcove of the night.

Their reverend heads are bald
The Greenland waves salute the
And quench the burning stars v

" Who was it reared those wheln
Who scalped the brows of old
And scooped these ever-yawning
'Twas I, the Spirit of the Storn

" And hence shalt thou, for evern
Be doomed to ride the blast witl
To shriek, amid the tempest's roa
By fountain, ford, and forest tre

The wizard cowered him to the ea
And orisons of dread began:
" Hence, Spirit of infernal birth!
Thou enemy of God and man!"

He waved his sceptre north away,
The arctic ring was rift asunder
And through the heaven, the startli
Burst louder than the loudest th

The feather

The Grampians groaned beneath the storm;
New mountains o'er the correis lean'd;
Ben-Nevis shook his shaggy form,
And wondered what his Sovereign mean'd.

Even far on Yarrow's fairy dale,
The shepherd paused in dumb dismay;
And passing shrieks adown the vale
Lured many a pitying hind away.

The Lowthers felt the tyrant's wrath;
Proud Hartfell quaked beneath his brand;
And Cheviot heard the cries of death,
Guarding his loved Northumberland.

But, O! as fell that fateful night,
What horrors Avin wilds deform,
And choak the ghastly lingering light!
There whirled the vortex of the storm.

Ere morn the wind grew deadly still,
And dawning in the air, updrew,
From many a shelve and shining hill,
Her folding robe of fairy blue.

Then, what a smooth and wonderous scene
Hung o'er Loch-Avin's lonely breast!
Not top of tallest pine was seen,
On which the dazzled eye could rest.

But mitred cliff, and crested fell,
In lucid curls her brows adorn,
Aloft the radiant crescents swell,
All pure as robes by angels worn.



And cold sheets o'er his
The moldwarp digs his m
His requiem Avin eagle

Why howls the fox above
That mocks the blazing
Why croaks the sable birc
As hovering o'er yon de

When circling years have
And Summer blooms in
Why stands yon peasant ir
Still gazing o'er the blo

Green grows the grass! th
Not bones of mountain s
There hooted once the owl
Above the dead-light's l

See yon lone cairn, so gray
Above the base of proud
There lies the dust of Avin
Who raised the Spirit of



When from the dark and sedgy dells
Came eldrich cries of wildered men,
Or wind-harp at thy window swells,—
Beware the sprite of Avin-Glen!

Young Farquhar ceased, and, rising slow,
Doffed his plumed bonnet, wiped his brow,
And, flushed with conscious dignity,
Cast o'er the crowd his falcon eye,
And found them all in silence deep,
As listening for the tempest's sweep.
So well his tale of Avin's seer
Suited the rigour of the year;
So high his strain, so bold his lyre,
So fraught with rays of Celtick fire,
They almost weened each hum that past
The spirit of the northern blast.

The next was named,—the very sound
Excited merriment around.
But when the bard himself appeared,
The ladies smiled, the courtiers sneered;
For such a simple air and mien
Before a court had never been.
A clown he was, bred in the wild,
And late from native moors exiled,
In hopes his mellow mountain strain
High favour from the great would gain.
Poor wight! he never weened how hard
For poverty to earn regard!
Dejection o'er his visage ran,
His coat was bare, his colour wan,
His forest doublet darned and torn,
His shepherd plaid all rent and worn;

Had seen her deck the wild-
And star with snowy gems th
In loveliest colours paint the
And sow the moor with purpl
By golden mead and mounta
Had viewed the Ettrick wav
Where shadowy flocks of pur
Seemed grazing in a world be

Instead of Ocean's billowy
Where monsters play and na
Oft had he viewed, as mornin
The bosom of the lonely Low
Plowed far by many a downy
Of wild-duck and of vagrant
Oft thrilled his heart at close
To see the dappled vales of h
With many a mountain, moor
Asleep upon the Saint Mary;
The pilot swan majestic wind
With all his cygnet fleet behi
So softly sail, and swiftly row
With sable oar and silken pro
Instead of war's unhallowed f

And by the bolts in thunder borne,
The heaven's own breast and mountain torn;
The wild-roe from the forest driven;
The oaks of ages peeled and riven;
Impending oceans whirl and boil,
Convulsed by Nature's grand turmoil.

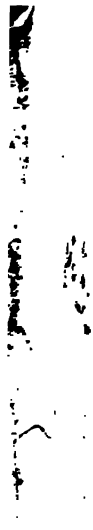
Instead of arms or golden crest,
His harp with mimick flowers was drest:
Around, in graceful streamers, fell
The briar-rose and the heather bell;
And there, his learning deep to prove,
Naturae Donum graved above.
When o'er her mellow notes he ran,
And his wild mountain chaunt began,
Then first was noted in his eye,
A gleam of native energy.

OLD DAVID.

THE TENTH BARD'S SONG.

Old David rose ere it was day,
And climbed old Wonfell's wizard brae:
Looked round, with visage grim and sour,
O'er Ettrick woods and Eskdale-moor.
An outlaw from the south he came,
And Ludlow was his father's name;
His native land had used him ill,
And Scotland bore him no good-will.

As fixed he stood, in sullen scorn,
Regardless of the streaks of morn,
Old David spied, on Wonfell cone,
A fairy band come riding on.



That sound, borne on the
Oft set the mountaineer to

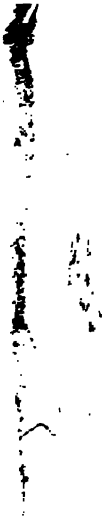
Old David crept close in
Scarce moved a limb, scar
But as the tinkling sound c
Old David's heart beat wo
He thought of riding on the
Of leaving hawk and hern
Of sailing lightly o'er the s
In mussel shell, to Germar
Of revel raids by dale and
Of lighting torches at the
Or through the sounding sp
Borne on the fiery meteor's
Of dancing 'neath the moo
Of sleeping in the dew-cup
And then he thought—O!
Of tythes the fairies paid t

David turned up a revel
And fixed it on the mornin
He knew a mighty one liv
That sometimes heard a w
No word, save one, could

He heard their horses snort and tread,
And every word the riders said;
While green portmanteaus, long and low,
Lay blended o'er each saddle bow.
A lovely maiden rode between,
Whom David judged the Fairy Queen;
But strange! he heard her moans resound,
And saw her feet with fetters bound.

Fast spur they on through bush and brake;
To Kttrick woods their course they take.
Old David followed still in view,
Till near the Lochilaw they drew;
There in a deep and wonderous dell,
Where wandering sun-beam never fell,
Where noon-tide breezes never blew
From flowers to drink the morning dew;
There, underneath the sylvan shade,
The fairies' spacious bower was made.
Its rampart was the tangling sloe,
The bending briar, and mistletoe;
And o'er its roof, the crooked oak
Waved wildly from the frowning rock.

This wonderous bower, this haunted dell,
The forest shepherd shunned as hell!
When sound of fairies' silver horn
Came on the evening breezes borne,
Homeward he fled, nor made a stand,
Thinking the spirits hard at hand.
But when he heard the eldrich swell
Of giggling laugh and bridal bell,
Or saw the riders troop along,
His orisons were loud and strong.
His household fare he yielded free
To this mysterious company,



A wondering and a wearied
Seven sons he had, alert an
Had all in Border battles be
Had wielded brand, and be
For those who sought their
Their hearts were true, thei
Their falchions keen, their
The race of fairies they deni
No fairies kept the English

Our yeomen on their arm
Their brands of steel and b
Long arrows at their backs
Fledged from the Snowdon
And boun' away brisk as t
The sire before, the sons be

That evening fell so swee
So mild on lonely moor and
The little genii of the fell
Forsook the purple heather-
And all their dripping beds
In wind flower, thyme, and
Aloft their viewless looms t
And dew-webs round the he

Leaning on cloud so faint and fair,
And cradled on the golden air;
Modest and pale as maiden bride,
She sunk upon the trembling tide.

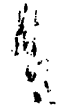
What late in daylight proved a jest,
Was now the doubt of every breast.
That fairies *were*, was not disputed;
But *what* they were was greatly doubted.
Each argument was guarded well,
With "if," and "should," and "who can tell."

"Sure He that made majestic man,
And framed the world's stupendous plan;
Who placed on high the steady pole,
And sowed the stars that round it roll
And made that sky, so large and blue,—
Could surely make a fairy too."

The sooth to say, each valiant core
Knew feelings never felt before.
Oft had they dared the midnight brake,
Fearless of aught save bog and lake;
But now the nod of sapling fir,
The heath-cock's loud exulting whirr,
The cry of hern from sedgy pool,
Or airy bleeter's rolling howl,
Came fraught with more dismaying dread
Than warder's horn, or warrior's tread.

Just as the gloom of midnight fell,
They reached the fairies' lonely dell.
O heavens! that dell was dark as death!
Perhaps the pit-fall yawned beneath!
Perhaps that lane that winded low,
Led to a nether world of wo!

His right hand heaved a di
Whose Rippon edge he me
On the first fairy met his e
Above his head his brand w
Above his head the taper l
A sterner or a ghastlier sig
Ne'er entered bower at de
Below each lifted arm was
The barbed point of arrow
Which waited but the twa
To fly like lightning on the
Slow move they on, with s
Resolved to conquer or to



At length they spied a m
Deep in a nook, unseen be
And by it slept, on wicker
A sprite of dreadful form a
His grizzly beard flowed ro
Like shaggy hair of mount
His open jaws and visage g
His half-shut eye so deadly
Made David's blood to 's h
And his gray hair his helme

And springing blood in veil of smoke,
Whizzed high against the bending oak.

"By heaven!" said George, with jocund air,
"Father, if all the fairies there
Are of the same materials made,
Let them beware the Rippon blade!"
A ghastly smile was seen to play
O'er David's visage, stern and gray;
He hoped, and feared; but ne'er till then
Knew whether he fought with sprites or men.

The massy door they next unlock,
That oped to hall beneath the rock,
In which new wonders met the eye:
The room was ample, rude, and high,
The arches caverned, dark, and torn,
On Nature's rifted columns borne;
Of moulding rude the embrazure,
And all the wild entablature;
And far o'er roof and architrave,
The ivy's ringlets bend and wave.
In each abrupt recess was seen
A couch of heath and rushes green;
While every alcove's sombre hue,
Was gemm'd with drops of midnight dew.

Why stand our heroes still as death,
Nor muscle move, nor heave a breath?
See how the sire his torch has lowered,
And bends recumbent o'er his sword!
The archubalister has thrown
His threatening, thirsty arrows down!
Struck in one moment, all the band
Entranced like moveless statues stand!
Enchantment sure arrests the spear,
And stints the warrior's bold carree!



So wildly o'er the vau
That song, if in the gree
Would draw the fays of
To kiss the lips that pou
The lofty pine would list
The wild birch wave her
And larks, that rose the
Drop lifeless at the singe
The air was old, the mea
The words were plain, b

Soft died the strain; th
Nor rested lance, nor lift
But listening bend, in ho
To hear that sweetly plai
'Tis gone! and each upli
As waked from dream of

Why stoops young Ow
Why heaves those groans
While kinsmen's eyes in r
Why steals the tear o'er
That melting song, that

Till, in the cave's extremest bound,
Arrayed in sea-green silk, they found
Five beauteous dames, all fair and young;
And she, who late so sweetly sung,
Sat leaning o'er a silver lute,
Pale with despair, with terror mute.

When back her auburn locks she threw,
And raised her eyes so lovely blue,
'Twas like the woodland rose in dew.
That look was soft as morning flower,
And mild as sun-beam through the shower.
Old David gazed, and weened the while,
He saw a suffering angel smile;
Weened he had heard a seraph sing,
And sounds of a celestial string.
But when young Owen met her view,
She shrieked, and to his bosom flew:
For, oft before, in Moodlaw bowers,
They two had passed the evening hours.
She was the loveliest mountain maid
That e'er by grove or riv'let strayed;
Old Raeburn's child, the fairest flower
That ever bloomed in Eskdale-moor.
'Twas she the Sire that morn had seen,
And judged to be the Fairy Queen;
'Twas she who framed the artless lay,
That stopt the warriors on their way.

Close to her lover's breast she clung,
And round his neck enraptured hung:
"O my dear Owen! haste and tell,
What caused you dare this lonely dell,
And seek your maid, at midnight still,
Deep in the bowels of the hill.

But since the first of Border-me
Has found me in this dismal den
I to his arms for shelter fly,
With him to live, or with him d

How glowed brave Owen's m
While in that lady's kind embra
Warm tears of joy his utterance
" O, my loved Ann!" was all h
Though well they loved, her hig
Caused Owen aye aloof to wait
And watch her bower, beside th
When twilight rocked the breez
And waked the music of the gro
To hymn the vesper song of love
Then underneath the green-wood
Oft had they breathed the tende

With Ann of Raeburn here the
The flowers of all the border rou
From whom the strangest tale t
That e'er astounded warrior's e
'Twould make e'en Superstition
And all her tales of spirits hush.

That night the spoilers ranged
By Dryhope towers, and Megga

Ah! little trowed the fraudful train
They ne'er should see their wealth again!
Their lemans, and their mighty store,
For which they nightly toils had bore,
Full twenty autumn moons and more!
They little deemed, when morning dawned,
To meet the deadly Rippon brand;
And only find, at their return,
In their loved cave an early urn.

Ill suits it simple bard to tell
Of bloody work that there befel—
He lists not deeds of death to sing,
Of splintered spear, and twanging string,
Of piercing arrow's purpled wing;
How falchions flash, and helmets ring:
Not one of all that prowling band,
So long the terror of the land,
Not one escaped their deeds to tell;
All in the winding labyrinth fell.
The spoil was from the cave conveyed,
Where in a heap the dead were laid:
The outer cave our yeomen fill,
And left them in the hollow hill.

But still that dell and bourn beneath,
The forest shepherd dreads as death.
Not there at evening dares he stray,
Though love impatient points the way;
Though throbs his heart the maid to see,
That's waiting by the trysting tree.

Even the old Sire, so reverend gray,
Ere turns the scale of night and day,
Oft breathes the short and ardent prayer,
That heaven may guard his footsteps there;

To wreck their rage on humans

Old David, for this doughty re
Was keeper of the forest made ;
A trooper he of gallant fame,
And first of all the Laidlaw nam

E'er since, in Ettrick's glens
Spirits, though there, are seldom
And fears of elf, and fairy raid,
Have like a morning dream dec
The bare-foot maid, of rosy hue
Dares from the heath-flower br
To meet her love in moon-light
By flowery den or tinkling rill ;
And well dares she till midnight
Among the coils of fragrant hay.

True, some weak shepherds,
As fell the dusk of Hallow-day,
Have heard the tinkling sound al
And gentle tread of horse's hoof
And flying swifter than the wind,
Left all their scattered flocks be

Nor dare the maiden ope the door,
Unless her lover walk before;
Then well can counterfeit the fright,
If star-beam on the water light;
And to his breast in terror cling,
For such a dread and dangerous thing.

O, Ettrick! shelter of my youth!
Thou sweetest glen of all the south!
Thy fairy tales, and songs of yore,
Shall never fire my bosom more.
Thy winding glades, and mountains wild,
The scenes that pleased me when a child,
Each verdant vale, and flowery lea,
Still in my midnight dreams I see;
And waking oft, I sigh for thee;
Thy hapless bard, though forced to roam
Afar from thee without a home,
Still there his glowing breast shall turn,
Till thy green bosom fold his urn.
Then, underneath thy mountain stone,
Shall sleep unnoticed and unknown.

When ceased the shepherd's simple lay,
With careless mien he lounged away.
No bow he deigned, nor anxious looked
How the gay throng their minstrel brooked.
No doubt within his bosom grew,
That to his skill the prize was due.
Well might he hope, for while he sung,
Louder and longer plaudits rung;
And when he ceased his numbers wild,
Fair Royalty approved and smiled.
Long had the bard, with hopes elate,
Sung to the low, the gay, the great;

Attested genuine nature th
Throbbed high with raptur
And all his merit stood con

Different the next the he
Warrior he was, in battle r
When Lennox, on the dowr
O'erthrew Maconnel and Al
Unable more the sword to w
With dark Clan-Alpine in t
Or rouse the dun deer from l
With fierce Macfarlane and
He strove to earn a minstrel
And fondly nursed the sacre
Warm was his heart and bol
Wild fancies in his moody bi
Gambolled, unbridled, and u
Lured by a shade, decoyed

In tender age, when mind
As standing by his nurse's kn
He heard a tale, so passing s
Of injured spirit's cool reven
It chilled his heart with blasti
Which never more

Where foxes roam, and eagles rave,
And dark woods round Ben-Lomond wave,
Once on a night, a night of dread!
He held convention with the dead;
Brought warnings to the house of death,
And tidings from a world beneath.

Loud blew the blast—the evening came,
The way was long, the minstrel lame;
The mountain's side was dern with oak,
Darkened with pine, and ribbed with rock;
Blue billows round its base were driven,
Its top was steeped in waves of heaven.
The wood, the wind, the billow's moan,
All spoke in language of their own,
But too well to our minstrel known.
Wearied, bewildered, in amaze,
Hymning in heart the Virgin's praise,
A cross he framed, of birchen bough,
And 'neath that cross he laid him low;
Hid by the heath, and Highland plaid,
His old harp in his bosom laid.
O! when the winds that wandered by,
Sung on her breast their lullaby,
How thrilled the tones his bosom through,
And deeper, holier, poured his vow!

No sleep was his—he raised his eye,
To note if dangerous place was nigh.
There columned rocks, abrupt and rude,
Hung o'er his gateless solitude;
The muffled sloe, and tangling brier,
Precluded freak or entrance here;
But yonder oped a little path,
O'ershawdowed, deep, and dark as death.

So as he trowed, so it befe

The stars were wrapt ir
The blast of midnight died
'T'was just the hour of sole
When walk the spirits of t
Rustled the leaves with ge
Groaned his chilled soul in
The lake fowl's wake was
The wave forgot to brush t
Hushed was the bleat on m
The wandering clouds of h

What heart could bear, w
The spirits in their lone ret
Rustled again the darksom
Straight on the minstrel's vi
A trembling and unwonted
That showed the phantoms

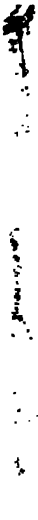
Came first a slender fema
Pale as the moon in Winter
A babe of sweet simplicity
Clung to her breast as pale

THE SPECTRE'S CRADLE-SONG.

Hush, my bonny babe! hush, and be still!
Thy mother's arms shall shield thee from ill.
Far have I borne thee, in sorrow and pain,
To drink the breeze of the world again.
The dew shall moisten thy brow so meek,
And the breeze of midnight fan thy cheek,
And soon shall we rest in the bow of the hill;
Hush, my bonny babe! hush and be still!
For thee have I travailed, in weakness and wo,
The world above and the world below.
My heart was soft and it fell in the snare,
Thy father was cruel, but thou wert fair.
I sinned, I sorrowed, I died for thee;
Smile, my bonny babe! smile on me!

See yon thick clouds of murky hue;
Yon star that peeps from its window blue;
Above yon clouds, that wander far,
Away, above yon little star:
There's a home of peace that shall soon be thine,
And there shalt thou see thy father and mine.
The flowers of the world shall bud and decay,
The trees of the forest be weeded away;
But there shalt *thou* bloom for ever and aye.
The time will come, I shall follow thee;
But long, long hence that time shall be;
Smile now, my bonny babe! smile on me!

Slow moved she on with dignity,
Nor bush, nor brake, nor rock, nor tree,
Her footsteps staid—o'er cliff so bold,
Where not the wren its foot could hold,



Held converse till the br
Their ghostly rights, thei
Or words to man, he nev
But much he learned of
Of that was past and tha
Thenceforth he troubles
And scarcely held his pe
Yet still the song, admire
He loved, and that in C

MACGRE

THE ELEVENTH

"Macgregor, Macgre
foemen;
The moon rises broad fro
Lomond;
The clans are impatient,
Arise! let us bound to Gl

Stern scowled the Macgr
sullen,
He turned his red eye to



" Macgregor, Macgregor, our scouts have been flying,
Three days, round the hills of M'Nab and Glen-Lyon;
Of riding and running such tidings they bear,
We must meet them at home else they'll quickly be here."—

" The Campbell may come, as his promises bind him,
And haughty M'Nab, with his giants behind him;
This night I am bound to relinquish the fray,
And do what it freezes my vitals to say.
Forgive me, dear brother, this horror of mind;
Thou knowest in the strife I was never behind,
Nor ever receded a foot from the van,
Or blenched at the ire or the prowess of man.
But I have sworn by the cross, by my God, and by all!
An oath which I cannot, and dare not recall,—
Ere the shadows of midnight fall east from the pile,
To meet with a spirit this night in Glen-Gyle.

Last night in my chamber, all thoughtful and lone,
I called to remembrance some deeds I had done;
When entered a lady, with visage so wan,
And looks such as never were fastened on man.
I knew her, O brother! I knew her too well!
Of that once fair dame such a tale I could tell
As would thrill thy bold heart; but how long she remained,
So racked was my spirit, by bosom so pained,

forego,
Macgregor would dive to the r
Despairing and mad, to futuri
The present to shun, and some
I swore, ere the shadow fell ea
To meet her alone by the brool

She told me, and turned my
a store,
The glory and name of Macgr
That the pine, which for ages
halo,
Afar on the mountains of Higl
Should wither and fall ere the
Smit through by the canker of
That a feast on Macgregors e
common,
For years, to the eagles of
mond.

A parting embrace, in one m
Her breath was a furnace, her
Then flitting elusive, she said,
"The mighty Macgregor shall

Come, buckle thy panoply—march to the field,—
See, brother, how hacked are thy helmet and shield!
Ay, that was M'Nab, in the height of his pride,
When the lions of Dochart stood firm by his side.
This night the proud chief his presumption shall rue;
Rise, brother, these chinks in his heart-blood will glue:
Thy fantasies frightful shall flit on the wing,
When loud with thy bugle Glen-Lyon shall ring."—

Like glimpse of the moon through the storm of the night,
Macgregor's red eye shed one sparkle of light:
It faded—it darkened—he shuddered—he sighed,—
"No! not for the universe!" low he replied.

Away went Macgregor, but went not alone;
To watch the dread rendezvous, Malcolm has gone.
They oared the broad Lomond, so still and serene,
And deep in her bosom, how awful the scene!
O'er mountains inverted the blue waters curled,
And rocked them on skies of a far nether world.

All silent they went, for the time was approaching;
The moon the blue zenith already was touching;
No foot was abroad on the forest or hill,
No sound but the lullaby sung by the rill;

A skiff sailing light, where a l
Her sail was the web of the g
The glow worm her wakelig
her boom;
A dim rayless beam was her pr
Like wold-fire, at midnight, t
waste.
Though rough was the river
cascade,
No torrent, no rock, her veloc
She wimpled the water to we
And heaved as if borne on the
Mute nature was roused in t
glen;
The wild deer of Gairtney ab
Fled panting away, over rive
Nor once turned his eye to th
Gyle.

The fox fled in terror; the
As slumbering he dozed in the s
Astonished, to hide in the moc
And screwed the night heave
blue.

He saw the Macgregor kneel down on the plain,
As begging for something he could not obtain;
She raised him indignant, derided his stay,
Then bore him on board, set her sail, and away.

Though fast the red bark down the river did glide,
Yet faster ran Malcolm adown by its side;
"Macgregor! Macgregor!" he bitterly cried;
"Macgregor! Macgregor!" the echoes replied.
He struck at the lady, but, strange though it seem,
His sword only fell on the rocks and the stream;
But the groans from the boat, that ascended amain,
Were groans from a bosom in horror and pain.—
They reached the dark lake, and bore lightly away;
Macgregor is vanished for ever and aye!

Abrupt as glance of morning sun,
The bard of Lomond's lay is done.
Loves not the swain, from path of dew,
At morn the golden orb to view,
Rise broad and yellow from the main,
While scarce a shadow lines the plain?
Well knows he then the gathering cloud
Shall all his noon-tide glories shroud.
Like smile of morn before the rain,
Appeared the minstrel's mounting strain.
As easy inexperienced hind,
Who sees not coming rains and wind,
The beacon of the dawning hour,
Nor notes the blink before the shower,

791799 A

Of spectre stern, and barg
Loud, and more loud, the
Loud, and m re loud, the
Wild grew his looks, for w
The scene was dread, the t
And ere Loch-Ketturine's
Faltered his voice, his bre
He raised his brown hand
To veil his eye's enrapture
Flung back his locks of sil
Lifted his crutch, and lim

The Bard of Clyde step
Fair was his form, his har
His eyes were bright, his
But plain his garb, and pl

EARL WAL

THE TWELFTH B.

"What makes Earl Wal
In the wan light of the
Why altered is Earl Wal
So strangely, and so s

"Go warn the Clyde, go warn the Ayr,
Go warn them suddenly,
If none will fight for Earl Walter,
Some one may fight for me."—

"Now hold your tongue, my daughter dear,
Now hold your tongue for shame!
For never shall my son Walter
Disgrace his father's name.

"Shall ladies tell, and minstrels sing,
How lord of Scottish blood
By proxy fought before his king?
No, never! by the rood!"

Earl Walter rose ere it was day,
For battle made him boun';
Earl Walter mounted his bonny gray,
And rode to Stirling town.

Old Hamilton from the tower came down,
"Go saddle a steed for me,
And I'll away to Stirling town,
This deadly bout to see.

"Mine eye is dim, my locks are gray,
My cheek is furred and wan;
Ah, me! but I have seen the day
I feared not single man!

"Bring me my steed," said Hamilton;
"Darcie his vaunts may rue;
Whoever slays my only son
Must fight the father too.

And there was riding in ...
And running o'er holt and le
For all the lords of fair Scotla
Came there the fight to see.

And squire and groom, and ba
Trooping in thousands came
And many a hind, and warrio
And many a lovely dame.

When good earl Walter rode
Upon his mettled gray,
There was none so ready as o
To bid that Earl good day.

For one so gallant and so you
Oh, many a heart beat hig
And no fair eye in all the thro
Nor rosy cheek, was dry.

But up then spoke the king's
Fair Margaret was her n
"If we should lose brave Ea
My sire is sore to blame.

"Proclaim it round," the princess cried,
"Proclaim it suddenly;
If none will fight for Earl Walter,
Some one may fight for me.

"In Douglass-dale I have a tower,
With many a holm and hill,
I'll give them all, and ten times more,
To him will Darcie kill."—

But up then spoke old Hamilton,
And doffed his bonnet blue;
In his sunk eye the tear drop shone,
And his gray locks o'er it flew:—

"Cease, cease, thou lovely royal maid,
Small cause hast thou for pain;
Wat Hamilton shall have no aid
'Gainst lord of France or Spain.

"I love my boy; but should he fly,
Or other for him fight,
Heaven grant that first his parent's eye
May set in endless night!"—

Young Margaret blushed, her weeping staid,
And quietly looked on:
Now Margaret was the fairest maid
On whom the daylight shone.

Her eye was like the star of love,
That blinks across the evening dun;
The locks that waved that eye above,
Like light clouds curling round the sun.

His look so lordly —
His belts and bands of gold
And the glances of his charge
Were dreadful to behold.

But when he saw Earl Walte
So rosy and so young,
He frowned, and sneered wit
And round disdainful flung

"What! dost thou turn my
And break thy jests on m
Think'st thou I sought the S
To play with boys like th

"Fond youth, go home and
For pity get thee gone;
Tilt with the girls and boys
And boast of what thou'st

"If Darcie's spear but touc
It flies thy body through;
If Darcie's sword come o'er
It cleaves thy heart in tw

"To-morrow boast, amid the throng,
Of deeds which thou hast done;
To-day restrain thy saucy tongue;
Rude blusterer, come on!"—

Rip went the spurs in either steed,
To different posts they sprung;
Quivered each spear o'er charger's head;
Forward each warrior hung.

The horn blew once—the horn blew twice—
Oh! many a heart beat high!
'Twas silence all!—the horn blew thrice—
Dazzled was every eye.

Hast thou not seen, from heaven, in ire,
The eagle swift descend?
Hast thou not seen the sheeted fire
The lowering darkness rend?

Not faster glides the eagle gray
Adown the yielding wind;
Not faster bears the bolt away,
Leaving the storm behind;

Than flew the warriors on their way,
With full suspended breath;
Than flew the warriors on their way
Across the field of death.

So fierce the shock, so loud the clang,
The gleams of fire were seen;
The rocks and towers of Stirling rang,
And the red blood fell between.

Earl Walter's broken corslet d
He turned with lightened ey
His glancing spear he raised a
And seemed to threat the sk

Lord Darcie's spear, aimed at
He parried dext'rously ;
Then caught him rudely by th
Saying, " Warrior, come wi

Lord Darcie drew, Lord Darci
But threw and drew in vain
Lord Darcie drew, Lord Darci
And spurred his black amain

Down came Lord Darcie, casq
Loud rattled on the clay ;
Down came Earl Walter, hand
And head to head they lay.

Lord Darcie's steed turned to h
And, trembling, stood behin
But off Earl Walter's dapple s

O'er holt, o'er hill, o'er slope and slack,
She sought her native stall;
She liked not Darcie's doughty black,
Nor Darcie's spear at all.

"Even go thy ways," Earl Walter cried,
"Since better may not be;
I'll trust my life with weapon tried,
But never again with thee.

"Rise up, Lord Darcie, sey thy brand,
And fling thy mail away;
For foot to foot, and hand to hand,
We'll now decide the day."—

So said, so done; their helms they flung,
Their doublets linked and sheen;
And hawberk, armlet, cuirass, rung
Promiscuous on the green.

"Now, Darcie! now thy dreaded name,
That oft has chilled a foe,
Thy hard-earned honours and thy fame,
Depend on every blow.

"Sharp be thine eye, and firm thy hand;
Thy heart unmoved remain;
For never was the Scottish brand
Upreared, and reared in vain."—

"Now do thy best, young Hamilton,
Rewarded shalt thou be;
Thy king, thy country, and thy kin,
All, all depend on thee!

So fast around the p
What makes Lard Darcie st
As passion fired his brain?

"Lay on, lay on," said Has
"Thou bear'st thee boist'
If thou shouldst pelt till day
Thy weapon I defy.

"What makes Lord Darcie
So fast around the plain?
Why is Lord Darcie's ho:la
All striped with crimson

The first blow that Earl W
He clove his bearded chi
"Beshrew thy heart," Lorc
"Ye sharply do begin!"

The next blow that Earl W
Quite through the gare i
"Now, by my faith," Lor
"That's stricken like a

The third blow that Earl W

Lord Darcie's sword he forced a-hight,
And tripped him on the plain,
"O, ever alack," then cried the knight,
"I ne'er shall rise again!"

When good Earl Walter saw he grew
So pale, and lay so low,
Away his brace of swords he threw,
And raised his fainting foe.

Then rang the lists with shouts of joy,
Loud and more loud they grew,
And many a bonnet to the sky
And many a coif they threw.

The tear stood in the father's eye,—
He wiped his aged brow,—
"Give me thy hand, my gallant boy!
I knew thee not till now.

"My liege, my king, this is my son
Whom I present to thee;
Nor would I change Wat Hamilton
For all the lads I see!"

"Welcome, my friend and warrior old!
This gallant son of thine
Is much too great for baron bold,
He must be son of mine!

"For he shall wed my daughter dear,
The flower of fair Scotland;
The badge of honour he shall wear,
And sit at my right hand.

The princess smiled, the p
O, but her heart was fai
And aye her cheek of beat
Like rose-bud in the rain

From this the Hamiltons o
Their royal lineage draw
And thus was won the faire
That Scotland ever saw

When ceased the lay, the
Not for the bard, or sing he
But every eye with pleasure
And cast its smiles on one a
That one was princely Ham
And well the gallant chief a
The bard who sung of sire b
And pleased were all the cou
The minstrel hailed so courte

Again is every courtier's g
Speaking suspense, and deep
The bard was stately

Well versed was he in holy lore;
In cloistered dome the cowl he wore;
But wearied with the eternal strain
Of formal breviats, cold and vain,
He wooed, in depth of Highland dale,
The silver spring and mountain gale.

In gray Glen-Ample's forest deep,
Hid from the rains and tempest's sweep,
In bosom of an aged wood
His solitary cottage stood.
Its walls were bastioned, dark, and dern,
Dark was its roof of filmot fern,
And dark the vista down the linn,
But all was love and peace within.
Religion, man's first friend and best,
Was in that home a constant guest;
There, sweetly, every morn and even,
Warm orisons were poured to heaven:
And every cliff Glen-Ample knew,
And green wood on her banks that grew,
In answer to his bounding string,
Had learned the hymns of heaven to sing;
With many a song of mystic lore,
Rude as when sung in days of yore.

His were the snowy flocks that strayed
Adown Glen-Airtney's forest glade;
And his the goat, and chesnut hind,
Where proud Ben-Vorlich cleaves the wind:
There oft, when suns of summer shone,
The bard would sit, and muse alone,
Of innocence, expelled by man;
Of nature's fair and wonderous plan;
Of the eternal throne sublime,
Of visions seen in ancient time,

seem to the enthusiast's dr
The words of spirits whisp

Loathed his firm soul the
And florid films of modern r
No other lays became his t
But those his rude forefathe
And when by wandering mi
The mandate of his Queen
So much he prized the anci
High hopes had he the prize
With modest, yet majestic
He tuned his harp of solemn
O list the tale, ye fair and y
A lay so strange was never

KILMEN

THE THIRTEENTH B

Bonny Kilmeny gaed up t
But it wasna to meet Dunei
Nor the rosy monk of the isl
For Kilmeny was pure as pu
It was only to hear the yorl

But lang may her minny look o'er the wa',
And lang may she seek i' the green-wood shaw;
Lang the laird of Duneira blame,
And lang, lang greet or Kilmeny come hame!

When many a day had come and fled,
When grief grew calm, and hope was dead,
When mass for Kilmeny's soul had been sung,
When the bedes-man had prayed, and the dead-bell rung,
Late, late in a gloamin, when all was still,
When the fringe was red on the westlin hill,
The wood was sere, the moon i' the wane,
The reek o' the cot hung over the plain,
Like a little wee cloud the world in its lane;
When the ingle lowed with an eiry leme,
Late, late in the gloaming Kilmeny came hame!

"Kilmeny, Kilmeny, where have you been?
Lang hae we sought baith holt and den;
By linn, by ford, and green-wood tree,
Yet you are halesome and fair to see.
Where gat you that joup o' the lilly sheen?
That bonny snood of the birk sae green?
And these roses, the fairest that ever were seen?
Kilmeny, Kilmeny, where have you been?"—

Kilmeny looked up with a lovely grace,
But nae smile was seen on Kilmeny's face;
As still was her look, and as still was her ee,
As the stillness that lay on the emerant lea,
Or the mist that sleeps on a waveless sea.
For Kilmeny had been she knew not where,
And Kilmeny had seen what she could not declare;

... the space of the lovely fi
And a land where sin had nev
A land of love, and a land of l
Withouten sun, or moon, or ni
Where the river swa'd a living
And the light a pure celestial
The land of vision it would see
A still, an everlasting dream.

In yon green wood there is a
And in that waik there is a we
And in that wene there is a r
That neither has flesh, blood, n
And down in yon green-wo
lane.

In that green wene Kilmeny l
Her bosom happed wi' the flow
But the air was soft and the sile
And bonny Kilmeny fell sound
She kend nae mair, nor opened
Till waked by the hymns of a fa

She 'wakened on couch of the
All striped wi' the bars of the ...

"Lang have I journeyed the world wide,"
A meek and reverend fere replied;
"Baith night and day I have watched the fair,
Eident a thousand years and mair.
Yes, I have watched o'er ilk degree,
Wherever blooms femenitye;
But sinless virgin, free of stain
In mind and body, fand I nane.
Never, since the banquet of time,
Found I virgin in her prime,
Till late this bonny maiden I saw
As spotless as the morning snaw:
Full twenty years she has lived as free
As the spirits that sojourn this countrye.
I have brought her away frae the snares of men,
That sin or death she never may ken."—

They clasped her waiste and her hands sae fair,
They kissed her cheek, and they kemed her hair,
And round came many a blooming fere,
Saying, "Bonny Kilmeny, ye're welcome here!
Women are freed of the littand scorn:
O, blessed be the day Kilmeny was born!
Now shall the land of the spirits see,
Now shall it ken what a woman may be!
Many a lang year in sorrow and pain,
Many a lang year thro' the world we've gane,
Commissioned to watch fair womankind,
For its they who nurice th' immortal mind.
We have watched their steps as the dawning shone,
And deep in the green-wood walks alone;
By lily bower and silken bed,
The viewless tears have o'er them shed;

"O, would the fairest o
Aye keep the holy truths i
That kindred spirits their
Who watch their ways wit
And grieve for the guilt of
O, sweet to heaven the ma
And the sigh that heaves a
And dear to heaven the wo
And the praise of virtue fr
And dear to the viewless fo
The minds that kyth as the

"O, bonny Kilmeny! fre
If ever you seek the world
That world of sin, of sorro
O, tell of the joys that are
And tell of the signs you sh
Of the times that are now,
shall be."—

They lifted Kilmeny, they
And she walked in the light
The sky was a dome of cry
The fountain of vision, and
The emerald fields were of

And she heard a song, she heard it sung,
She kend not where; but sae sweetly it rung,
It fell on her ear like a dream of the morn:
"O! blest be the day Kilmeny was born!
Now shall the land of the spirits see,
Now shall it ken what a woman may be!
The sun that shines on the world sae bright,
A borrowed gleid frae the fountain of light;
And the moon that sleeks the sky sae dun,
Like a gouden bow, or a beamless sun,
Shall wear away, and be seen nae mair,
And the angels shall miss them travelling the air.
But lang, lang after baith night and day,
When the sun and the world have elyed away;
When the sinner has gane to his waesome doom;
Kilmeny shall smile in eternal bloom!"—

They bore her away she wist not how,
For she felt not arm nor rest below;
But so swift they wained her through the light,
'Twas like the motion of sound or sight;
They seemed to split the gales of air,
And yet nor gale nor breeze was there.
Unnumbered groves below them grew,
They came, they past, and backward flew,
Like floods of blossoms gliding on,
In moment seen, in moment gone.
O, never vales to mortal view
Appeared like those o'er which they flew!
That land to human spirits given,
The lowermost vales of the storied heaven;
From thence they can view the world below,
And heaven's blue gates with sapphire glow,
More glory yet unmeet to know.

She looked and she saw no s
But a crystal dome of a thou
She looked and she saw nae
But an endless whirl of glory
And radiant beings went and
Far swifter than wind, or th
She hid her een frae the dazz
She looked again and the scei

She saw a sun on a summe
And clouds of amber sailing
A lovely land beneath her lay
And that land had glens and
And that land had valleys anc
And marled seas, and a thou
Its fields were speckled, its f
And its lakes were all of the d
Like magic mirrors, where slu
The sun and the sky and the c
Which heaved and trembled
On every shore they seemed tc
For they were seen on their dc
A thousand times and a thousa
In winding lake and placid firt
Little peaceful heavens in the

She saw the plaid and the broad claymore,
And the brows that the badge of freedom bore;
And she thought she had seen the land before.

She saw a lady sit on a throne,
The fairest that ever the sun shone on!
A lion licked her hand of milk,
And she held him in a leish of silk,
And a leifu' maiden stood at her knee,
With a silver wand and melting ee;
Her sovereign shield till love stole in,
And poisoned all the fount within.

Then a gruff untoward bedeman came,
And hundit the lion on his dame;
And the guardian maid wi' the dauntless ee,
She dropped a tear, and left her knee;
And she saw till the queen frae the lion fled,
Till the bonniest flower of the world lay dead.
A coffin was set on a distant plain,
And she saw the red blood fall like rain:
Then bonny Kilmeny's heart grew sair,
And she turned away and could look nae mair.

Then the gruff grim carle girned amain,
And they trampled him down, but he rose again;
And he baited the lion to deeds of weir,
Till he lapped the blood to the kingdom dear;
And weening his head was danger-preef,
When crowned with the rose and clover leaf,
He gowled at the carle and chased him away,
To feed wi' the deer on the mountain gray.
He gowled at the carle, and he gecked at heaven,
But his mark was set, and his arles given.

To bound the aims of sinit
She saw a people, fierce a
Burst frae their bounds lik
There lilies grew, and the
And she herked on her rav
Till the cities and towe
blaze,
And the thunder it roared
the seas.
The widows they wailed, a
And she threat'ned an end
She never leued nor stood
Till claught by the lion's
Oh! then the eagles swink
And brainzelled up a mo
But flew she north, or flew
She met wi' the gowl of t

With a mooted wing an
The eagle sought her eiry
But lang may she cour in
And lang, lang sleek her w
Before she sey another flig
To play wi' the norland li

But she saw till the sorrows of man were by,
And all was love and harmony;
Till the stars of heaven fell calmly away,
Like the flakes of snow on a winter day.

Then Kilmeny begged again to see
The friends she had left in her own country,
To tell of the place where she had been,
And the glories that lay in the land unseen;
To warn the living maidens fair,
The loved of heaven, the spirits' care,
That all whose minds unmeled remain
Shall bloom in beauty when time is gane.

With distant music, soft and deep,
They lulled Kilmeny sound asleep;
And when she awakened, she lay her lane,
All happed with flowers in the green-wood wene.
When seven lang years had come and fled;
When grief was calm, and hope was dead;
When scarce was remembered Kilmeny's name,
Late, late in a gloamin Kilmeny came hame!

And O, her beauty was fair to see,
But still and steadfast was her ee!
Such beauty bard may never declare,
For there was no pride nor passion there;
And the soft desire of maiden's een
In that mild face could never be seen.
Her seymar was the lily flower,
And her cheek the moss-rose in the shower;
And her voice like the distant melodye,
That floats along the twilight sea.
But she loved to raike the lanely glen,
And keeped afar frae the haunts of men;

The dun deer wooed with n
And cowered aneath her li
And when at even the woo
When hymns of other worl
In ecstacy of sweet devoti
O, then the glen was all ir
The wild beasts of the for
Broke from their bughts a
And goved around charme
Even the dull cattle croon
And murmured and looke
For something the myster
The buzzard came with t
The corby left her houf ir
The black bird alang wi'
The hind came tripping o'
The wolf and the kid the
And the tod and the lamb
The hawk and the hern a
And the merl and the n
young;
And all in a peaceful rin
It was like an eve in a sir

When a month and a

But O, the words that fell from her mouth,
Were words of wonder, and words of truth!
But all the land were in fear and dread,
For they kendna whether she was living or dead.
It wasna her hame, and she couldna remain;
She left this world of sorrow and pain,
And returned to the land of thought again.

He ceased; and all with kind concern
Blest in their hearts the bard of Ern.

By that the chill and piercing air,
The pallid hue of ladies fair,
The hidden yawn and drumbly eye,
Loudly announced the morning nigh.
Beckoned the queen with courteous smile,
And breathless silence gazed the while:—

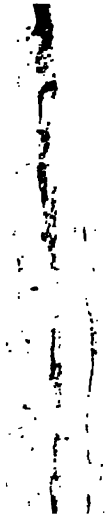
"I hold it best, my lords," she said,
"For knight, for dame, and lovely maid,
At wassail, wake, or revel hall,
To part before the senses pall.
Sweet though the draught of pleasure be,
Why should we drain it to the lee?
Though here the minstrel's fancy play,
Light as the breeze of summer-day;
Though there in solemn cadence flow,
Smooth as the night-wind o'er the snow;
Now bound away with rolling sweep,
Like tempest o'er the raving deep;
High on the morning's golden skreen,
Or casement of the rainbow lean;—

And lords or ladies take a
From lanes and alleys guar
Where lurking ghost or spi
But most avoid the dazzlin
And spirit of the morning
Hide from their eyes that
The ruthless angel of the s
I wish, for every gallant's
That none may rue our ro
I wish what most his heart
And every lady what she l
Sweet be her sleep on bed
And pleasing be her drean
And when you hear the bu
I hope to see you all agai

Whether the Queen to
Or spoke to cheer the mi
Certes, she spoke with n
And ladies smiled her wo
Yet, though the dawn of
No lady from that night-
Not even the Queen, dur
And scarce had Sleep, w
O'er breast of snow and

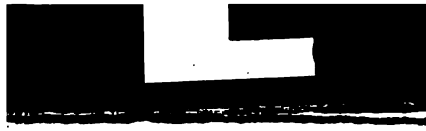
ıe strove the land of thought to win,
elled by hope, withstood by sin;
some with angry spirit stood
lonely stream, or pathless wood.
oft was heard the broken sigh,
half-formed prayer, and smothered cry;
nuch the minds of old and young
'e moved by what the minstrels sung.
ıt Lady Gordon did or said
ld not be learned from lady's maid,
Huntley swore and shook his head.
she and all her buskin train
eared not at the wake again.

END OF NIGHT THE SECOND.



THE storm had ceas
The morning's breath w
And when the sun rose
No eye the glory could s
The icicles so dazzling
The spreading wold so
The cloudless sky, the
That roes on Pentland's
And Grampian mountai
Seemed froze amid the
The frame was braced,
To feat, or brisk hilari

The sun, far on his s
Glowed in stern majest
'Twas like the loved,
That dawns on mounta
When the furred Indian



ens! what a scene of noise and glee,
›usy brisk anxiety!
: age and youth their pastime take
e smooth ice that chained the lake.
Highland chief, the Border knight,
ving plumes, and baldricks bright,
n the bloodless friendly war,
›unding stone to hurl afar.
air-breadth aim, the plaudits due,
ap, the shout, the ardour grew,
rowsy day her curtain drew.

: youth, on cramps of polished steel,
l in the race, the curve, the wheel;
arms outstretched, and foot aside,
lightening o'er the lake they glide;
astward far their impulse keep,
angels journeying o'er the deep.

en night her spangled flag unfurled
o'er a wan and sheeted world,
n debate homeward they hie,
ell they knew the wake was nigh.

mountain sheer, and column tall,
solemn was that evening fall!
ir was calm, the stars were bright,
oar frost flightered down the night;
t the list'ning groupes stood still,
›irits talked along the hill.
airy tribes had gone to won
thland climes beneath the sun;
ady woods, and waters sheen,
ales of everlasting green,
g of Scotia's woodlands wild,
e human face had never smiled.

O'er hills which native fa
For all along from cliff an
On Arthur's hill, and Sali
Came voices floating dow
From viewless shades tha
The words were fraught
Voices of men they could
Youths turned their faces
With beating heart, and b
Old chieftains walked wit
Loath that their hearts sho
They feared the spirits of
To sinful Scotland boded i

Orion up his baldrick dr
The evening star was still
Scarce had the Pleiades cl
Or Charles reyòked his gc
When from the palace-turr
The bugle's note with warr
Each tower, each spire, in
" Haste, nobles, to Queen M
The blooming maid ran to
In spangled lace, and robe
That graceful emblem of h

'Twas the last night of hope and fear,
That bards could sing, or Sovereign hear;
And just ere rose the Christmas sun,
The envied prize was lost and won.

The bard that night who foremost came
Was not enrolled, nor known his name;
A youth he was of manly mould,
Gentle as lamb, as lion bold;
But his fair face and forehead high
Glowed with intrusive modesty.

'Twas said by bank of southland stream
Glided his youth in soothing dream;
The harp he loved and wont to stray
Far to the wilds and woods away,
And sing to brooks that gurgled by
Of maiden's form and maiden's eye;
That, when this dream of youth was past,
Deep in the shade his harp he cast;
In busy life his cares beguiled,
His heart was true and fortune smiled.
But when the royal wake began,
Joyful he came the foremost man,
To see the matchless bard approved,
And list the strains he once had loved.

Two nights had passed—the bards had sung,—
Queen Mary's harp from ceiling hung,
On which was graved her lovely mould,
Beset with crowns and flowers of gold;
And many a gem of dazzling dye
Glowed on that prize to minstrel's eye.

THE FOURTEENTH I

Lord Pringle's steed neighs
His panoply is irksome g
His plumed helm hangs in t
His broad claymore is b

No more his bugle's evening
Bids vassal arm and yeom
To drive the deer of Otterd
Or foray on the Border si

Instead of hoop and battle
Of warrior's song, and
Is heard the lute's voluptuo
Within the halls of Torw

Sick lies his heart without
'Tis love that breeds the
For daughter of a froward
A freebooter, his mortal

But O, that maiden's form

t form was not the poplar's stem,
hat smile the dawning's purple line;
was that eye the dazzling gem
hat glows adown the Indian mine.

would you praise the poplar pale,
· morn in wreath of roses drest;
fairest flower that woos the vale,
· down that clothes the solan's breast;

ousand times beyond, above,
hat rapt enthusiast ever saw;
pare them to that mould of love,—
oung Mary Scott of Tushilaw!

war-flame glows on Ettrick pen,
ounds forth the foray swift as wind,
Tushilaw and all his men
ave left their homes afar behind.

dy, lady, learn thy creed,
nd mark the watch-dog's boist'rous din;
abbot comes with book and bead,
haste and let the father in!

, lady, mark his locks so gray,
is beard so long, and colour wan;
· has mourned for many a day,
ıd sorrowed o'er the sins of man!

yet so stately is his mien,
is step so firm, and breast so bold;
brawny leg and form, I ween,
re wonderous for a man so old.

to spirit, to spirit, n
Your prayers and A
Haste, trembling, to
For ah! the priest

Short was the task of
Short as confession
The abbot's orisons w
His absolutions fran

Go, Mary Scott, thy
Lay open to the se
And let the tear bede
Thy sins are of a cr

For many a lover thou
And many yet lie s
Young Gilmanscleuch
And Pringle, lord o

Tell every wish thy bo
No other sin, dear
And well the abbot lo
Thy plights of love

O lady, cease; the maiden's mind,
Though pure as morning's cloudless beam,
A crime in every wish can find,
In noon-tide glance, and midnight dream.

To woman's heart when fair and free,
Her sins seem great and manifold;
When sunk in guilt and misery,
No crime can then her soul behold.

'Tis sweet to see the opening flower
Spread its fair bosom to the sun;
'Tis sweet to hear in vernal bower
The thrush's earliest hymn begun:

But sweeter far the prayer that wrings
The tear from maiden's beaming eye;
And sweeter far the hymn she sings
In grateful holy ecstasy.

The mass was said, but cold and dry
That mass to heaven the father sent;
With book, and bead, and rosary,
The abbot to his chamber went.

The watch-dog rests with folded eye
Beneath the portal's gray festoon;
The wildered Ettrick wanders by,
Loud murmuring to the careless moon.

The warder lists with hope and dread
Far distant shout of fray begun;
The cricket tunes his tiny reed,
And harps behind the embers dun.

When parents trowed them

The abbot's bed is well down
The abbot's bed is soft and
The abbot's bed is cold as lead
For why?—the abbot is not

Was that the blast of bugle, b
Far on the night-wind, wav
'Tis nothing but the shepherd'
That keeps the watch on C

What means the warder's ans
The moon is west, 'tis near
I thought I heard the warrior
'Tis time the abbot were a

The bittern mounts the morni
And rings the sky with qui
The watch-dog sallies from hi
And bays the wind and sett

'Tis not the breeze, nor bitte
Has roused the guarder fro
Along the bank, in belt and
Comes Tushilaw and all hi

bbot, from his casement, saw
e forest chieftain's proud array;
eard the voice of Tushilaw—
ıe abbot's heart grew cold as clay!

ste, maidens, call my lady fair,
at room may for my warriors be;
bid my daughter come and share
e cup of joy with them and me.

r we have fought and won the fray,
ıve lowered our haughty foeman's pride;
we have driven the richest prey
ıat ever lowed by Ettrick side."—

ear a tale of vanquished foes
is lady came right cheerfully;
Mary Scott, like morning rose,
ood blushing at her father's knee.

flowed the warrior's ruthless tale,
ıd aye the red cup passed between;
Mary Scott grew lily pale,
ıd trembled like the aspin green.

w, lady, give me welcome cheer,
ıeen of the border thou shalt be;
have brought thee gold and gear,
ıd humbled haughty Torwoodlee.

ıeat his yeomen in the glen,
oosed his horses from the stall,
v the blood-hound in his den,
ıd sought the chief through tower and hall.

On heather, haum, or ro
And make for me the scarl
For I have need of rest a

" Nay, my good lord, mal
In that you cannot rest t
For there in peaceful slumb
A holy abbot, old and gr

The chieftain's cheek to c
Dropt from his hand the
" An abbot! curse the canti
An abbot sleep in couch

" Now, lady, as my soul sha
I'd rather trust my child
With my two greatest foes a
The king of Scots and T

" The lazy hoard of Melrose
Has brought my life, my a
O, lady! I have heard a tale
The thought o't makes my

" Go, warriors, hale the will-

"There shall the burning breeze of noon
Rock the old sensual sluggard blind;
There let him swing, till sun and moon
Have three times left the world behind."—

O abbot, abbot, say thy prayers,
With orisons load every breath;
The forest trooper's on the stairs,
To drag thee to a shameful death.

O abbot, abbot, quit thy bed,
Ill armed art thou to meet the strife;
Haste, don thy beard and quoif thy head,
And guard the door for death or life.

Thy arm is firm, thy heart is stout,
Yet thou canst neither fight nor flee;
But beauty stands thy guard without,
Yes, beauty weeps and pleads for thee,

Proud, ruthless man, by vengeance driven,
Regardless hears a brother plead;
Regardless sees the brand of heaven
Red quivering o'er his guilty head;

But once let woman's soothing tongue
Implore his help or clemency,
Around him let her arms be flung,
Or at his feet her bended knee;

The world's a shadow! vengeance sleeps!
The child of reason stands revealed—
When beauty pleads, when woman weeps,
He is not man who scorns to yield.

Filled him with wonder

'Twas not the dews of da
The mountain's hues of
Nor yet the Ettrick's win
By belted holm and bo

Nor moorland Rankleburn
By covert, clough, and g
Nor dappled flag of day, t
In streamers pale from (

But many a doubted ox th
At rest upon the castle l
And there he saw his galla
And all the steeds of To

" Beshrew the wont !" the
" The charge runs high
The guard is deep, the path
My homilies shall cost m

" Come weel, come wo, wi
I'll kneel, and con my br

Now Tushilaw he waked and slept,
And dreamed and thought till noontide hour;
But aye this query upmost kept,
"What seeks the abbot in my tower?"

Stern Tushilaw came down the stair
With doubtful and indignant eye,
And found the holy man at prayer,
With book, and cross, and rosary.

"To book, to book, thou reaver red,
Of absolution thou hast need;
The sword of heaven hangs o'er thy head,
Death is thy doom, and hell thy meed!"

"I'll take my chance, thou priest of sin,
Thy absolutions I disdain;
But I will noose thy bearded chin,
If thus thou talk'st to me again.

"Declare thy business, and thy name,
Or short the route to thee is given!"—
"The abbot I of Coldinghame,
My errand is the cause of heaven."—

"That shalt thou prove ere we two part;
Some robber thou, or royal spy:
But, villain, I will search thy heart,
And chain thee in the deep to lie!

"Hence with thy rubbish, best and ban,
Whinyards to keep the weak in awe;
The scorn of heaven, the shame of man—
No books nor beads for Tushilaw!"—

The abbot lies in dunge
The maidens wail, th

The sweetest flower on
Bends its fair form o'
Young Mary Scott of T
Sleeps but to sigh, ar

Bold Tushilaw, with hc
Pursues the deer o'er
And rides and rules the
From Philiphaugh t

His page rode down by
His page rode down
But not a priest was mi
Nor abbot, friar, no r

The evening came; it w
The abbot in this wo
The bonds are firm, the
No angel comes to se

Yes, at the stillest hour

Fair was the form that o'er him hung,
And fair the hands that set him free;
The trembling whispers of her tongue
Softer than seraph's melody.

The abbot's soul was all on flame,
Wild transport through his bosom ran;
For never angel's airy frame
Was half so sweet to mortal man!

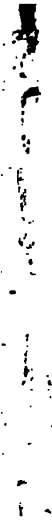
Why walks young Mary Scott so late,
In veil and cloak of cramasye?
The porter opens wide the gate,
His bonnet moves, and bends his knee.

Long may the wondering porter wait,
Before the lady form return;
"Speed, abbot, speed, nor halt nor bate,
Nor look thou back to Rankleburn!"

The day arrives, the ladies plead
In vain for yon mysterious wight;
For Tushilaw his doom decreed,
Were he an abbot, lord, or knight.

The chieftain called his warriors stout,
And ranged them round the gallows tree,
Then bade them bring the abbot out,
The fate of fraud that all might see.

The men return, of sense bereft,
Falter their tongues, their eye-balls glare;
The door was locked, the fetters left—
All close! the abbot was not there!



And many a rich oblation
For that amazing mira

Lord Pringle walked his g
Nor flock nor lowing h
But even the king upon th
Quaked at the name of

Lord Pringle's heart was
Nor peace nor joy his b
'Twas for the kindest, sw
That ever brushed the

Gone is one month with sn
With dream by night a
A second came with mois
Another came and passe

Why is the flower of yond
Bending its stem to cou
And Mary Scott's benigna
Like sun-beam in a wi

Sometimes her colour's li

A mother's fostering breast is warm,
And dark her doubts of love I ween:
For why?—she felt its early harm—
A mother's eye is sharp and keen!

'Tis done! the woman stands revealed!
Stern Tushilaw is waked to see;
The bearded priest so well concealed,
Was Pringle, lord of Torwoodlee!

Oh never was the thunder's jar,
The red tornado's wasting wing,
Nor all the elemental war,
Like fury of the Border king.

He laughed aloud—his falchion eyed—
A laugh of burning vengeance borne!—
"Does thus the coward trow," he cried,
"To hold his conqueror's power to scorn!

"Thinks Tushilaw of maids or wives,
Or such a thing as Torwoodlee!
Had Mary Scott a thousand lives,
These lives were all too few for me!

"Ere midnight, in the secret cave,
This sword shall pierce her bosom's core,
Though I go childless to my grave,
And rue the deed for evermore!

"O had I lulled the imp to rest
When first she lisped her name to me,
Or pierced her little guileless breast
When smiling on her nurse's knee!"

I have a vial potent, gooc
Unmeet that all the Scotts
A daughter's corse embal

"Unmeet her gallant kinsm
The guilt of one so fair a
No cup should to her mem'
No requiem o'er her grav

"My potent draught has e
Beneath my own and hus
Trust me, ere falls the mor
In dreamless sleep shall

"Even go thy way, thy wc
I knew thy dauntless sou
But list—if thou deceiv'st
Thou hast a head! I say

Stern Tushilaw strode o'er
And wondering, by the t
A crystal tear drop from hi
The first e'er shed by Tu

O grievous are the bonds o

"What brings my lady mother here,
Pale as the morning shower and cold?
In her dark eye why stands the tear?
Why in her hand a cup of gold?"—

"My Mary, thou art ill at rest,
Fervid and feverish is thy blood;
Still yearns o'er thee thy mother's breast,
Take this, my child, 'tis for thy good!"—

O sad, sad was young Mary's plight!
She took the cup—no word she spake;
She had even wished that very night
To sleep, and never more to wake.

She took the cup—she drank it dry,
Then pillowed soft her beauteous head,
And calmly watched her mother's eye;
But O that eye was hard to read!

Her moistened eyes, so mild and meek,
Soon sunk their auburn fringe beneath;
The ringlets on her damask cheek
Heaved gentler with her stealing breath!

She turned her face unto the wall,
Her colour changed to pallid clay;
Long ere the dews began to fall,
The flower of Ettrick lifeless lay!

Why underneath her winding sheet
Does broidered silk her form enfold?
Why is cold Mary's buskined feet
All laced with belts and bands of gold?



[illegible] gear [illegible]
To Mary's fane, the lovelie
E'er to the virgin bent th

" Now I may by her funer
Ride silent o'er the mou
Her revel hall, the gloomy
Her bridal bed, the chee

Why that rich snood with
Round Mary's lifeless te
Why is the napkin o'er he
A fragment of the lily la

" My Mary has another ho
And far, far though her
When she to Paradise shal
Then will my child reme

O many a flower was roun
And m·.y a pearl and d
And many a window roun
Shed on her form a boot

Lord Pringle sat on Mayg

ot Tweed, by gulf and whirlpool mased,
Through dark wood-glen, by him was seen;
or still his thought-set eye was raised
To Ettrick mountains, wild and green.

ullen he sat, unstaid, unblest,
He thought of battle, broil, and blood;
e never crossed, he never wist
Till by his side a Palmer stood.

Haste, my good lord, this letter read,
Ill bodes it listless thus to be;
pon a die I've set my head,
And brought this letter far to thee."—

ord Pringle looked this letter on,
His face grew pale as winter sky;
ut, ere the half of it was done,
The tear of joy stood in his eye.

purse he to the Palmer threw,
Mounted the cleft of aged tree,
hree times aloud his bugle blew,
And hasted home to Torwoodlee.

'was scarcely past the hour of noon
When first the foray whoop began;
nd, in the wan light of the moon,
Through March and Teviotdale it ran.

ar to the south it spread away,
Startled the hind by fold and tree;
nd aye the watch-word of the fray
Was, "Ride for Ker and Torwoodlee!"



And many a Ker, with swo
Stood rank and file on T

As they fared up yon craig
Where Tweed sweeps rou
Old Gideon Murray and his
The foray joined with rig

They hasted up to Ploro sid
And north above Mount-
And lothly forced with them
Black Douglass of the C

When they came nigh Saint
The day-sky glimmered
They hid their horses in the
And lurked in heath and

The lake one purple valley
Where tints of glowing li
The ganza waved his cunea
With yellow oar and quo

The dark cock bayed above
Through mid the mazy f

The tinty skiffs of silver mist
Lingered along the slumbering vale;
Belled the gray stag with fervid breast
High on the moors of Meggat-dale.

There hid in clough and hollow den,
Gazing around the still sublime,
There lay Lord Pringle and his men
On beds of heath and moorland thyme.

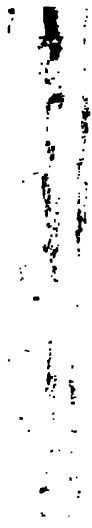
That morning found rough Tushilaw
In all the father's guise appear;
An end of all his hopes he saw
Shrouded in Mary's gilded bier.

No eye could trace without concern
The suffering warrior's troubled look;
The throbs that heaved his bosom stern,
No ear could bear, no heart could brook.

"Wo be to thee, thou wicked dame!
My Mary's prayers and accents mild
Might well have rendered vengeance lame—
This hand could ne'er have slain my child!

"But thou, in phrensied fatal hour,
Reft the sweet life thou gav'st away,
And crushed to earth the fairest flower
That ever breathed the breeze of day.

"My all is lost, my hope is fled,
The sword shall ne'er be drawn for me;
Unblest, unhonoured my gray head—
My child! would I had died for thee!"—



When nigh the virgin'
Just by the verge o
The Kers and Pringle
And hemmed the w

Vassal and peasant, se
Sped off, and looke
And all who came for
Fled like the chaff

But all the Scotts toge
For every Scott of
In sullen mood their w
And back to back

Rough was the onset—
Nor word, was hear
At once began the wor
With perilous thrust

O but the Harden lads
And bore them brav
The doughty laird of w
Raged like a lion in

But Francis, Lord of Thirlestane,
To all the gallant name a soil,
While blood of kinsmen fell like rain,
Crept underneath a braken coil.

Old Tushilaw, with sword in hand,
And heart to fiercest woes a prey,
Seemed courting every foeman's brand,
And fought in hottest of the fray.

In vain the gallant kinsmen stood
Wedged in a firm and bristled ring;
Their funeral weeds are bathed in blood,
No corslets round their bosoms cling.

Against the lance and helmed file
Their courage, might, and skill were vain;
Short was the conflict, short the while
Ere all the Scotts were bound or slain.

When first the hostile band upsprung,
The body in the church was laid,
Where vows were made, and requiems sung,
By matron, monk, and weeping maid.

Lord Pringle came—before his eye
The monks and maidens kneeled in fear;
But Lady Tushilaw stood by,
And pointed to her Mary's bier.

"Thou lord of guile and malice keen,
What boots this doleful work to thee!
Could Scotland such a pair have seen
As Mary Scott and Torwoodlee?"

Wo to the guileful fr
This day should join u
This day that I shou

" But I will see that f
Cold, pale, and lifel
And I will kiss that cc
Once sweeter than t

With trembling hand
Sweet was the perfu
For there were strewe
And every flower th

He drew the fair lawn
'Twas decked with
And still it wore a soo
Even in the chill ab

And aye he prest the c
And aye he kissed t
Till pitying maidens
And even the frigid

Was that a sob, an earthly sigh,
That heaved the flowers so lightly shed?
'Twas but the wind that wandered by,
And kissed the bosom of the dead!

Are these the glowing tints of life
O'er Mary's cheek that come and fly?
Ah, no! the red flowers round are rife,
The rosebud flings its softened dye.

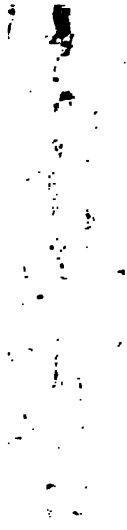
Why grows the gazer's sight so dim?
Stay, dear illusion, still beguile!
Thou art worth crowns and worlds to him—
Last, dear illusion, last a while!

Short was thy sway, phrensied and short,
For ever fell the veil on thee;
Thy startling form of fears the sport,
Vanished in sweet reality!

'Tis past! and darkly stand revealed
A mother's cares and purpose deep:
That kiss, the last adieu that sealed,
Waked Mary from her death-like sleep!

Slowly she raised her form of grace,
Her eyes no ray conceptive flung;
And O, her mild, her languid face,
Was like a flower too early sprung!

"O I lie sick and weary here,
My heart is bound in moveless chain;
Another cup, my mother dear,
I cannot sleep though I would fain!"



At altar, shrine, and
She saw her lady moth
And at her side brav

'Twas all a dream, no
A phantom of the fe
She laid her down in n
To sooth her woes in

Needs not to paint that
The nuptial vow, the
How Mary Scott, the F
Was borne a bride to

Needs not to say, how
When Mary glided f
They thought the Virg
In likeness of the dee

Diamond and ruby ray
And twinkled round
She wore more gold up
Than would have bo

A foot so light, a form

Old Tushilaw deigned not to smile,
No grateful word his tongue could say,
He took one kiss, blest her the while,
Wiped his dark eye, and turned away.

The Scotts were freed, and peace restored;
Each Scott, each Ker, each Pringle swore,
Swore by his name, and by his sword,
To be firm friends for evermore.

Lord Pringle's hills were stocked anew,
Drove after drove came nightly free;
But many a Border Baron knew
Whence came the dower to Torwoodlee.

Scarce had the closing measure rung,
When from the ring the minstrel sprung,
And his gilt harp, of flowery frame,
Left ready for the next that came.
Loud were the plaudits,—all the fair
Their eyes turned to the royal chair:
They looked again,—no bard was there!
But whisper, smile, and question ran,
Around the ring anent the man;
While all the nobles of the south
Lauded the generous stranger youth.

The next was bred on southern shore,
Beneath the mists of Lammermore;
And long, by Nith and crystal Tweed,
Had taught the border youth to read.
The strains of Greece, the bard of Troy,
Were all his theme, and all his joy.

When first of royal
Forthwith it chained h
It was his thought, his
His morning prayer, h
Knights, dames, and s
He deemed as fond of
And talked of them co
But when he heard the
Scarce could his breas
'Twas all unequalled,
Immortal bards! imm
About Dunedin streets
Each knight he met, e
In field, in alley, towe
The wake was first, t

Alike to him the sou
So high he held the mi
So high his ardent min
Once of himself he sca
Dear to his heart the
The strain admired in
And, of his minstrel ho
He strung his harp toc

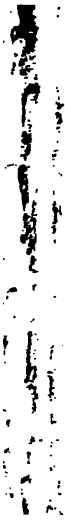
KING EDWARD'S DREAM.

THE FIFTEENTH BARD'S SONG.

The heath-cock had whirred at the break of the morn,
The moon of her tassels of silver was shorn,
When hoary king Edward lay tossing in ire,
His blood in a ferment, his bosom on fire;
His battle files, stretched o'er the valley, were still
As Eden's pine forests that darkened the hill.

He slept—but his visions were loathly and grim:
How quivered his lip! and how quaked every limb!
His dull moving eye showed how troubled his rest,
And deep were the throbs of his labouring breast.

He saw the Scott's banner red streaming on high;
The fierce Scottish warriors determined and nigh;
Their columns of steel, and, bright gleaming before,
The lance, the broad target, and Highland claymore.
And lo! at their head, in stern glory appeared
That hero of heroes so hated and feared;
'Twas the exile of Rachrin that led the array,
And Wallace's spirit was pointing the way:



Their crested brown bill
high,
O'ershadow the sun, and
But, meeting each other,
Mix, thunder, and sink,
As dreadful the onset th
As fast his brave legions w

The plaided blue Hi
wind,
Spread terror before him
Thick clouds of blood-
slain,
And Pembroke and Ho
the plain.

The chieftain he hated
Still nearer and nearer
stood;
He could not retreat and n
"Die, scorpion!" he c
career.
The king felt the iron ret
No hand to uphold him, h

He looked over the meadow, broad river, and
downe,
From Ochel's fair mountains to Lammermore
brown;
He still found his heart and desires were the
same;
He wished to leave Scotland nor sceptre nor
name.

He thought as he lay on the green mountain
thyme,
A spirit approached him in manner sublime.
At first she appeared like a streamer of light,
But still as she neared she was formed to his
sight.
Her robe was the blue silken veil of the sky,
The drop of the amethyst deepened its dye;
Her crown was a helmet emblazoned with pearl;
Her mantle the sunbeam, her bracelets the
beryl;
Her hands and her feet like the bright burning
levin;
Her face was the face of an angel from heaven:
Around her the winds and the echoes grew still,
And rainbows were formed in the cloud of the
hill.

Like music that floats o'er the soft heavin
deep,
When twilight has lulled all the breezes asleep,
The wild fairy airs in our forests that rung,
Or hymns of the sky by a seraph when sung;
So sweet were the tones on the fancy that broke
When the Guardian of Scotland's proud moun-
tains thus spoke:

O'er lands thou hast steeped
the slain.

"I heard of thy guerdon, I
Thou'rt doomed on these m
and lie,
The mark of the tempest, the
The tempest of conscience,
mind,
Till people thou'st hated, and
Triumphant from bondage sh
view,
Their sceptre and liberty bra
And climb to renown over mo

"I thought (and I joined n
thine,)
The time was arrived when
combine;
For [illegible] known that they will
the sky,
And we thought that blest era
nigh.
But ages unborn yet shall flit

"See yon little hamlet o'ershadowed with smoke,
See yon hoary battlement throned on the rock.
Even there shall a city in splendour break forth,
The haughty Dunedin the Queen of the North;
There learning shall flourish, and liberty smile,
The awe of the world and the pride of the isle.

"But thy lonely spirit shall roam in dismay;
And weep o'er thy labours so soon to decay.
In yon western plain, where thy power overthrew
The bulwarks of Caledon, valiant and few;
Where beamed the red falchion of ravage and wrath;
Where tyranny, horsed on the dragons of death,
Rode ruthless through blood of the honoured and just.
When Græme and brave Stuart lay bleeding in dust,
The wailings of liberty pierced the sky;
Th' Everlasting, in pity, averted his eye!

"Even there shall the power of thy nations combined,
Proud England, green Erin, and Normandy joined,
Exulting in numbers, and dreadful array,
Led on by Carnarvon, to Scotland away,
As thick as the snow-flakes that pour from the pole,
Or silver-maned waves on the ocean that roll.
A handful of heroes, all desperate driven,
Impelled by the might and the vengeance of heaven;



" How couldst thou
flame
Would stoop to oppre
shame!
Ah! never; the lion ma
The mighty leviathan t
But the Scots, round the
ner unfurled,
Their mountains will l
the world."

King Edward awoke
start,
The vision was vanished,
His courage was high, bu
He cursed the Scotch n
lead on.
His legions moved on like
But fierce was the fever th
On sand of the Solway th
Where the soul of the ki
fled!
He heard not the sound of
But the wh

The bard had sung so bold and high,
While patriot fire flashed from his eye,
That ere King Edward won to rest,
Or sheet was spread above his breast,
The harp-strings jarred in wild mistone;
The minstrel throbbed, his voice was gone.
Upon his harp he leaned his head,
And softly from the ring was led.

The next was from a western vale,
Where Nith winds slowly down the dale;
Where play the waves o'er golden grain,
Like mimic billows of the main.
Of the old elm his harp was made,
That bent o'er Cluden's loneliest shade:
No gilded sculpture round her flamed,
For his own hand that harp had framed,
In stolen hours, when, labour done,
He strayed to view the parting sun.
O when the toy to him so fair,
Began to form beneath his care,
How danced his youthful heart with joy
How constant grew the dear employ!
The sun would chamber in the Ken;
The red star rise o'er Locherben;
The solemn moon, in sickly hue,
Waked from her eastern couch of dew,
Would half way gain the vault on high,
Bathe in the Nith, slow stealing by,
And still the bard his task would ply.

When his first notes, from covert gray,
Arrested maiden on her way;
When ceased the reaper's evening tale,
And paused the shepherd of the dale,—



Bristle the peasant's ho
Make patriot-breasts w
And warrior pant to m
And long by Nith the n
Shall chant the strains t
At ewe-bught, or at ev
When resting on the da
Combing their locks of
Oft the fair groupe enr
Their lost, their darling
His was a song beloved
A tale of weir—a tale o

DUML

THE SIXTEENT

Who's he stands at I
Who raps so loud, and
Nor warder's threat, no
Question, nor watch-do
He once regards, but r
Thundering alternate, s
The captive, stretched

"Ho! rise, Dumlanrig! all's at stake!
Ho! rise, Dumlanrig! Douglas, wake!—
Blow, warder—blow thy warning shrill,
Light up the beacon on the hill,
For round thee reaves thy ruthless foe.—
Arise, Dumlanrig! Douglas, ho!"

His fur-cloak round him Douglas threw,
And to the crennel eager flew.
"What news? what news? thou stalwart groom,
Who thus, in midnight's deepest gloom,
Bring'st to my gate the loud alarm
Of foray wide and country harm?
What are thy dangers? what thy fears?
Say out thy message, Douglas hears."

"Haste, Douglas! Douglas, arm with speed,
And mount thy fleetest battle steed;
For Lennox, with the southern host,
Whom thou hast baulked and curbed the most,
Like locusts from the Solway blown,
Are spread upon thy mountains brown;
Broke from their camp in search of prey,
They drive thy flocks and herds away:
Roused by revenge, and hunger keen,
They've swept the hills of fair Dalveen;
Nor left the bullock, goat, or steer,
On all the holms of Durisdeer.

"One troop came to my father's hall;
They burnt our tower,—they took our all.
My dear, my only sister May,
By force the ruffians bore away;
Nor kid, nor lamb, bleats in the glen,
Around all lonely Locherben!



If not the heads those helme
O, haste thee, Douglas, to t
With that his horse around
And down the path like ligl

" Arm," cried the Dougla
And vanished from the ech
" Arm !" was the word ; al
Through manor, bayle, and
And clank and clatter burst
From every loop of hall anc
With whoop of groom, and
And prancing steeds, 'twas

At first, like thunder's dis
The rattling din came rollin
Echoed Dumlanrig woods a
Louder and louder swelled t
Till like the sheeted flame o
That rends the shoals of hea

When first the word, " To
Glowed all the eastern porc
A wreathy cloud of orient br

A thousand men, in armour sheen,
Stood ranked upon Dumlanrig green.

The Nith they stemmed in firm array
For Cample-ford they bent their way.
Than Douglas and his men that night,
Never saw yeomen nobler sight;
Mounted on tall curvetting steed,
He rode undaunted at their head;
His shadow on the water still,
Like giant on a moving hill.
The ghastly bull's-head scowled on high,
Emblem of death to foeman's eye;
And bloody hearts on streamers pale,
Waved wildly in the midnight gale.

'O, haste thee, Douglas! haste and ride!
Thy kinsmen's corpses stem the tide!
What red, what dauntless youth is he,
Who stands in Cample to the knee;
Whose arm of steel, and weapon good,
Still dyes the stream with southern blood,
While round him fall his faithful men?
'Tis Morison of Locherben.

O, haste thee, Douglas, to the fray,
Ere won be that important way!
The Southron's countless prey, within
The dreadful coils of Crighup linn,
No passage from the moor can find,—
The wood below, the gulf behind:
One ford there is, and one alone,
And in that ford stands Morison.
Who passes there, or man or beast,
Must make their passage o'er his breast,

The Southrons, baulked, in
And crowd once more the fat
All desperate grew the work o
No yielding but with yielding
Even still lay every death-stru
For footing to the furious van.
The little band was seized wit
Behind their rampart of the d
Power from their arms began
And hope within their breasts
When loud they heard the che
Of—" Douglas ! Douglas !" cr
Then turned the Southron swift
For fierce the battle raged behi

O, stay, brave Morison ! O,
Guard but that pass till break
Thy flocks, thy sister to retriev
That task to doughty Douglas l
Let not thine ardour all betray,
Thy might is spent—brave war

O, for the lyre of heaven, that

—ah! how many a warrior bold
norn was never to behold!
rival rank to rank drew nigh,
eye was fixed on foeman's eye,
lowered was lance, and bent was bow,
ılchion clenched to strike the blow,
eath was heard, nor clank of mail,
face with rage grew deadly pale.
)led the moon's reluctant ray;
'eeze of heaven sunk soft away.

ırious was that onset's shock,
ction's gates at once unlock:
like the earthquake's hollow groan,
towers and towns are overthrown:
like the river's midnight crush,
snows dissolve, and torrents rush;
fields of ice, in rude array,
ct its own resistless way:
like the whirlwind's rending sweep:
like the tempest of the deep,
Corrybraken's surges driven,
mount, and lash the breast of heaven.

as foot to foot, and brand to brand;
t to hilt, and hand to hand;
llant foeman, wo to tell,
n each other's bosoms fell!
ırsemen met with might and main,
eeled, and wheeled, and met again.
sand spears on hawberks bang;
sand swords on helmets clang.
might was with the feebler blent,
ere the line of battle bent;
recoiled from flank assail,
blows fell thick as rattling hail.



The foremost in the broi
Wo to the warrior dared
The progress of his dead
He sat so firm, he reined
Whole ranks before his c
A valiant youth kept by
With crest and armour c
Charged still with him th
And seconded his every b
The Douglas wondered w
And asked his lineage anc
'Twas he who kept the n
Who raised at first the ba
And roused Dumlanrig an
Brave Morison of Locherl

"My chief," he said, "
For one than life to me m
But late I heard my sister
'Dumlanrig, now thy wea
Her guard waits in yon ho
Beneath the shade of spre

Dumlanrig's eve with a

shouts, and groans of parting life,
hard and doubtful was the strife.
ind a knight, firm belted on,
y found the fair May Morison.
why, through all Dumlanrig's train,
ch her bright eyes, and search in vain?
ranger mounts her on his steed;
ve Morison, where art thou fled?
drivers for their booty feared,
, soon as Cample-ford was cleared,
work they fell, and forced away
)ss the stream their mighty prey.
bleating flocks in terror ran
)ss the bloody breast of man;
1 the dull cattle gazed with dread.
, lowing, foundered o'er the dead.

he Southrons still the fight maintain;
ugh broke, they closed and fought again,
shouting drivers gave the word,
t all the flocks had cleared the ford;
n to that pass the bands retire,
safely braved Dumlanrig's ire.
nly he tried, and tried in vain,
t steep, that fatal path to gain;
ly prolonged th' unequal fray,
lost his men, and lost the day.
d the battle's fiercest shock,
e spears were on his bosom broke,
1 forced in flight to seek remede.
it not been his noble steed,
t swift away his master bore,
ne'er had seen Dumlanrig more.

he day-beam, from his moonlight sleep,
Queensberry began to peep,



Lay mixed the dying
Stern foemen there fro
Who ne'er before had
Two kinsmen good the
And full three hundred
With one by him lame
The flower of all the N
Young Morison of Loch

The Southrons did no
Nor seek the conflict to
They knew not at the
What mischief they'd t
But to the south pursue
Glad to escape with suc

Brave Douglas, wher
How stinted in thy bold
Wo, that the Lowther e
Should shrink before the
Wo, that the lordly lion
Of ravening wolves shou
But doubly wo, the purp
Should tarnished from th



Or thy proud bosom, swelling high,
Made the round tear roll in thine eye?
Ah! no; thy heart was doomed to prove
The sharper pang of slighted love.

What vision lingers on the heath,
Flitting across the field of death;
Its gliding motion, smooth and still
As vapour on the twilight hill,
Or the last ray of falling even,
Shed through the parting clouds of heaven?

Is it a sprite that roams forlorn?
Or angel from the bowers of morn,
Come down a tear of heaven to shed,
In pity o'er the valiant dead?
No vain, no fleeting phantom this!
No vision from the bowers of bliss!
Its radiant eye, and stately tread,
Bespeak some beauteous mountain maid;
No rose of Eden's bosom meek,
Could match that maiden's moistened cheek;
No drifted wreath of morning snow,
The whiteness of her lofty brow;
Nor gem of India's purest dye,
The lustre of her eagle eye.

When beauty, Eden's bowers within,
First stretched the arm to deeds of sin;
When passion burned, and prudence slept,
The pitying angels bent and wept.
But tears more soft were never shed,
No, not when angels bowed the head,
A sigh more mild did never breathe
O'er human nature whelmed in death,



What heart of man unn
When plays the smile in
Or when a form of grace
To music's notes can ligh
Yes; there are hearts unm
The smile, the ring, the re
But heart of warrior ne'er
The beam of beauty's cry
Well was that morn the m
The Douglas saw, the Do

"O, cease thy tears, m
Sweet floweret of the bank
His soul thou never canst
He fell as warrior wont to
Deep deep the loss we bot
But that deep loss to count
Far as the day-flight of the
From Locherben to green
From where the Shinnel tc
To the lone vales of Crawf
The fairy links of Tweed
All, all the Douglas has, is

I'll beg, forlorn and poor,
t thy meanest vassal's door,
look thy splendid halls within,
leer, wrapt in a lion's skin!

ere lies the kindest, bravest man;
lie thy kinsmen, pale and wan;
boots thy boasted mountains green?
ock, nor herd, can there be seen;
ven before thy vaunting foe
hless slaughter, bleat and low,
thou,—shame on thy dastard head!
ing com'st amidst the dead.

that this feeble maiden hand
bend the bow, or wield the brand!
nen mustered in my hall,
oped obsequious at my call,
untry's honour I'd restore,
ame thy face for evermore.
st thy flocks and herds regain;
ge thy friends in battle slain;
ounded honour heal; that done,
is may ask May Morison."

lanrig's blood to's bosom rushed,
anly cheek like crimson blushed.
led three yeomen to his side:
e, gallant warriors, haste and ride!
Lindsay on the banks of Daur,
rce M'Turk and Lochinvaur;
iem that Lennox flies amain;
Maxwell and Glencairn are ta'en;
rick with the spoiler rides;
ohnston flies, and Jardine hides;



Either that host of ru
I'll scatter like the fo
Or my wrung heart sh
And my right hand th
At Blackwood I'll the
Haste, gallant warrio

He spoke :—each y
And forward stooped
No plea was urged, n
Each heel was turned

As ever ye saw the
From covert sprung, t
Or heath-fowl beat th
And leave the fowler fi
As ever ye saw three
At once from yew-bov
So flew the messenger
And, lessening, vanishe

The Douglas bade h
Prepare due honours fo
And meet well armed a

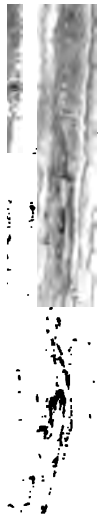
orton, too, forlorn and gray,
: son had fallen at break of day.

oops on earth may e'er withstand
et made by Scottish brand,
awless rapine sways the throng,
nscience whispers— "This is wrong :"
ould a foe, whate'er his might,
otia's dust dispute our right,
e on native mountain claim
orest atom boasts our name,
i high that warrior's banners soar,
n beware the broad claymore.

land! thy honours long have stood,
i rudely cropt, though rolled in blood,
ithed in warm and purple dew,
lorious o'er the ruin grew.
ourished thy paternal line;
's lineage stoops to thine.

lanrig found his foes secure,
ed on the ridge of Locher-moor.
m that wandered from their host,
the midnight breeze was lost.
fening drum, no bugle's swell,
ch-word past from sentinel,
ht vibration stirred the air,
n the Scot a foe was there,
eat of flocks that wandered slow,
:en's deep and sullen low.

t horrors o'er the warrior hang!
'ultures watch his soul to fang!
oils! what snares!—he hies him on
lightnings flash, and thunders groan;



...y should the bard,
His maiden's scorn by n
Or pour his wild harp's f
From sounding cliff or gr
Of slaughtered foemen pi
On deeds of death and hc

Dread was Dumlanrig'
Fierce on the foe he rushe
Lindsay of Crawford, kno
That night first gained a h
M'Turk stood deep in Sou
And legions down before h
And Gordon, with his Gal
O'er floundering ranks resi
Short was the strife—they
As chaff before the norther

Dumlanrig's flocks were
And well their worth Dumla
But ne'er so proud was he
Of his broad bounds and cou
As when they strung up Nith
Well guarded to their hills a
With Douglas' name

ıy, he knew the lovely May;
ı Kilpatrick's castle lay,
oy his proud return would view,
:r impetuous censure rue.

l judged he:—Why should haughty chief
: himself on lady's grief,
is right, as nought but he
worthy her anxiety.
ırrior: keep thy distance due;
· is proud and jealous too.
ınd young thy maiden be,
ıhe knew that ere told by thee.
d, be gentle, heave the sigh,
ush before her piercing eye;
ɔugh thou'rt noble, brave, and young,
h thy mien and rude thy tongue,
ı proudly towers thy trophied pile,
ıot for beauty's yielding smile.
ll it suits the brave and high,
to prove in lady's eye.

ılanrig found his lovely flower
the sun-beam o'er the shower,
as zephyr of the plain,
as the rose-bud after rain:
ll her scorn and maiden pride,
ıshed Dumlanrig's lovely bride.

ɛs of Dumlanrig, though thy name
vibrates in the ear of fame,
· thy might and valour keen,
allant house had never been.

: be thy mem'ry, gallant man!
hed thy broad sword in the van;



Thy honours on the breez
That mountains once thin
From whom the Queensb

Fair be thy mem'ry, g
So true in love, so brave i
Though o'er thy children'
The sculpture towers, an
O'er thy green grave shal
And heaven distil its earli

When ceased the bard'
Circled a smile the fair an
The song was free, and so
So soothing, yet so bold w
They loved it well, yet, so
Too long, too varied was t

'Twas now the witching
When reason strays, and f
Are shadowed on the palsi
When fancy moulds upon
Light visions on the passin
And woos with faltering

That in that still and solemn hour
Might stretch imagination's power,
And restless fancy revel free
In painful, pleasing luxury.
Just as the battle-tale was done,
The watchman called the hour of one.

Lucky the hour for him who came,
Lucky the wish of every dame,
The bard who rose at herald's call
Was wont to sing in Highland hall,
Where the wild chieftain of M'Lean
Upheld his dark Hebridian reign;
Where floated crane and clamorous gull
Above the misty shores of Mull;
And evermore the billows rave
Round many a saint and sovereign's grave.
There round Columba's ruins gray
The shades of monks are wont to stray,
And slender forms of nuns, that weep
In moonlight by the murmuring deep,
O'er early loves and passions crost,
And being's end for ever lost.
No earthly form their names to save,
No stem to flourish o'er their grave,
No blood of theirs beyond the shrine
To nurse the human soul divine,
Still cherish youth by time unworn,
And flow in ages yet unborn.
While mind, surviving evermore,
Unbodied seeks that lonely shore.

In that wild land our minstrel bred,
From youth a life of song had led,
Wandering each shore and upland dull
With Allan Bawn, the bard of Mull,



Of woman thought, a

Well knew he ever
To westland chief tha
In morning pale, or ev
Was that of fair lame
Who once, in cloisters
Languished for joys in
And oft himself had se
At dawning from his ov

Forth stepped he with
The heron plume wave
His garb was blent with
And round him flowed h
But wo to Southland da
In minstrel's tale who to
Though known the air,
Was in the barbarous H
But tartaned chiefs in r
The strains, the words,

Thus run the bold po
As near as southern tong

THE ABBOT M'KINNON.

THE SEVENTEENTH BARD'S SONG.

M'Kinnon's tall mast salutes the day,
And beckons the breeze in Iona bay;
Plays lightly up in the morning sky,
And nods to the green wave rolling by;
The anchor upheaves, the sails unfurl,
The pennons of silk in the breezes curl;
But not one monk on holy ground
Knows whither the Abbot M'Kinnon is bound.

Well could that bark o'er the ocean glide,
Though monks and friars alone must guide;
For never man of other degree
On board that sacred ship might be.
On deck M'Kinnon walked soft and slow;
The haulers sung from the gilded prow;
The helmsman turned his brow to the sky,
Upraised his cowl, and upraised his eye,
And away shot the bark on the wing of the wind,
Over billow and bay like an image of mind.

Aloft on the turret the monks appear,
To see where the bark of their abbot would bear;
They saw her sweep from Iona bay,
And turn her prow to the north away,
Still lessen to view in the hazy skreen,
And vanish amid the islands green.
Then they turned their eyes to the female dome,
And thought of the nuns till the abbot came home.



And the laugh rin
For still the abbo

But the wolf tha
From Ross's rude
On the ravenous bi
That loved to haun
To him saint Colun
To guard the bones
Of saints and of king
The savage was scar
And swam to his ho
For he momently sa
The cowering monk,
Whispering sighing,
By cross dark alley,
O, wise was the foun
"Where there are wo

No more the watch-
M'Kinnon and friends a
A stranger youth to the
Modest of mien and dee
In costly sacred robes b
And he lodged with abb

His eye was the morning's brightest ray,
And his neck like the swan's in Iona bay;
His teeth the ivory polished new,
And his lip like the morel when glossed with dew,
While under his cowl's embroidered fold
Were seen the curls of waving gold.
This comely youth, of beauty so bright.
Abode with the abbot by day and by night.

When arm in arm they walked the isle,
Young friars would beckon, and monks would smile;
But sires in dread of sins unshriven,
Would shake their heads and look up to heaven,
Afraid the frown of the saint to see,
Who reared their temple amid the sea,
And pledged his soul to guard the dome,
Till virtue should fly her western home.
But now a stranger of hidden degree,
Too fair, too gentle, a man to be,
This stranger of beauty and step so light
Abode with the abbot by day and by night.

The months and the days flew lightly by,
The monks were kind and the nuns were shy;
But the gray-haired sires, in trembling mood,
Kneel'd at the altar and kissed the rood.

M'Kinnon he dreamed that the saint of the isle
Stood by his side, and with courteous smile
Bade him arise from his guilty sleep,
And pay his respects to the God of the deep,
In temple that north in the main appeared,
Which fire from bowels of ocean had seared,
Which the giant builders of heaven had reared

Dun-ye.

The cycle was closed, and th
He had vowed to the sea, he
sun,
If in that time rose trouble o
Their homage to pay to the
Then he bade him haste and
Named all the monks should
And promised again to see hi

M'Kinnon awoke from his
He opened his casement and l
He looked to the mountains
shore,
The vision amazed him and t
He never had heard of the ri
But all was so plain, he thoug
He durst not decline and he

Uprose the abbot, uprose t
Uprose the sun from the Bens
And the bark her course t
framed,
With all on board whom the

How joyed the bark her sides to lave!
She leaned to the lee, and she girdled the wave;
Aloft on the stayless verge she hung,
Light on the steep wave veered and swung,
And the crests of the billows before her flung,
Loud murmured the ocean with gulf and with growl,
The seal swam aloof and the dark sea fowl;
The pye-duck sought the depth of the main,
And rose in the wheel of her wake again;
And behind her, far to the southward, shone
A pathway of snow on the waste alone.

But now the dreadful strand they gain,
Where rose the sacred dome of the main;
Oft had they seen the place before,
And kept aloof from the dismal shore,
But now it rose before their prow,
And what they beheld they did not know.
The tall gray forms, in close-set file,
Upholding the roof of that holy pile;
The sheets of foam, and the clouds of spray,
And the groans that rushed from the portals grey,
Appalled their hearts and drove them away.

They wheeled their bark to the east around,
And moored in basin, by rocks imbound;
Then, awed to silence, they trode the strand
Where furnaced pillars in order stand,
All framed of the liquid burning levin,
And bent like the bow that spans the heaven,
Or upright ranged in horrid array,
With purfle of green o'er the darksome gray.

Their path was on wonderous pavement of old,
Its blocks all cast in some giant mould,



With spray-sho...
to keep.
But when they drew ni
ocean,
And saw her waves rush
tion,
Astounded and awed to t
And listened the hymns i
The song of the cliff, w
blow,
The thunder of heaven,
Conjoined, like the voice
Compared with the antl
sea.

The solemn rows in t
Were dimly seen like tl
Like giant monks in ag
Whom the God of the o
And bound in his templ
In sackcloth of gray a
An everlasting worshi
And the big salt tears

So rapid the motion
So loud was the tumul



On angel pavement each bent his knee,
And sung this hymn to the god of the sea.

THE MONK'S HYMN.

Thou, who makest the ocean to flow,
Thou, who walkest the channels below;
To thee, to thee, this incense we heap,
Thou, who knowest not slumber nor sleep.
Great Spirit that movest on the face of the deep!
To thee, to thee, we sing to thee,
God of the western wind, God of the sea.

To thee, who gatherest with thy right hand
The little fishes around our land;
To thee, who breathest in the bellied sail,
Rul'st the shark and the rolling whale,
Flingest the sinner to downward grave,
Lightest the gleam on the mane of the wave,
Bidst the billows thy reign deform,
Laugh'st in the whirlwind, sing'st in the storm,
Or risest like mountain amid the sea,
Where mountain was never, and never will be,
And rear'st thy proud and thy pale chaperoon
Mid walks of the angels and ways of the moon;
To thee, to thee, this wine we pour,
God of the western wind, God of the shower.

To thee, who bid'st those mountains of brine
Softly sink in the fair moonshine,
And spread'st thy couch of silver light,
To lure to thy bosom the queen of the night,
Who weavest the cloud of the ocean dew,
And the mist that sleeps on her breast so blue;



God of the western win
" Greater yet must the

The monks gazed rou
For the closing notes w
They came from the ro
the air,
From voice they knev
where ;
But it sung with a mour
" Greater yet must the

In holy dread they pa
And they walked the rid
And saw the white wave
An hundred fathoms belo
They looked to the coun
Prom Barra to Mull, and
They looked to heaven, th
They looked at all with a
As on places they were n

And that voice was sweet as voice could be,
And they feared it came from the Maid of the Sea.

M'Kinnon lay stretched on the verge of the hill,
And peeped from the height on the bay so still;
And he saw her sit on a weedy stone,
Laving her fair breast, and singing alone;
And aye she sank the wave within,
Till it gurgled around her lovely chin,
Then combed her locks of the pale sea-green,
And aye this song was heard between.

THE MERMAID'S SONG.

Matilda of Skye,
Alone may lie,
And list to the wind that whistles by:
Sad may she be,
For deep in the sea,
Deep, deep, deep in the sea,
This night her lover shall sleep with me.
She may turn and hide
From the spirits that glide,
And the ghost that stands at her bed-side;
But never a kiss the vow shall seal,
Nor warm embrace her bosom feel;
For far, far down in the floors below,
Moist as this rock-weed, cold as the snow,
With the eel, and the clam, and the pearl of the deep,
On soft sea-flowers her lover shall sleep,
And long and sound shall his slumber be
In the coral bowers of the deep with me.



No home !—no kiss ;—
His couch is spread for

The abbot arose in
They turned and fled i
For dark and portento
When they came in vi
They saw an old man
His beard was long, a
Like the rime that fall
His locks like wool, a
And he scarcely looke

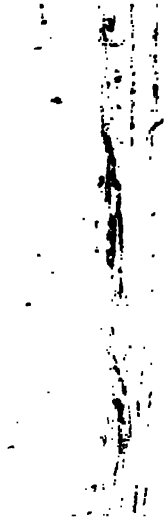
They asked his erra
Whereunto bound, an
But a sullen thoughtfu
And turned his face to
Some gave him welco
scorn,
But the abbot stood pa
He tried to be jocund,
For he thought he had

Away went the sh

Then the old man arose and stood up on the prow,
nd fixed his dim eyes on the ocean below;
nd they heard him saying, "O, wo is me!
ut great as the sin must the sacrifice be."
h, mild was his eye, and his manner sublime,
Vhen he looked unto heaven, and said—"Now is the time."
Ie looked to the weather, he looked to the lee,
Ie looked as for something he dreaded to see,
Then stretched his pale hand, and pointed his eye
To a gleam on the verge of the eastern sky.

The monks soon beheld on the lofty Benmore,
A sight which they never had seen before,
A belt of blue lightning around it was driven,
And its crown was encircled by Morion of heaven;
And they heard a herald that loud did cry,
"Prepare the way for the Abbot of I!"

Then a sound arose, they knew not where,
It came from the sea, or it came from the air,
Twas louder than tempest that ever blew,
And the sea-fouls screamed, and in terror flew;
Some ran to the cords, some kneeled at the shrine,
But all the wild elements seemed to combine;
Twas just but one moment of stir and commotion,
And down went the ship like a bird of the ocean.



END OF N

CONCLUSION.

FRIEND of the bard! peace to thy heart,
Long hast thou acted a generous part,
Long hast thou courteously in pain
Attended to a feeble strain,
While oft abashed has sunk thine eye,—
Thy task is done, the Wake is by.

I saw thy fear, I knew it just;
'Twas not for minstrels long in dust,
But for the fond and venturous swain
Who dared to wake their notes again;
Yet oft thine eye has spoke delight,
I marked it well, and blest the sight:
No sour disdain, nor manner cold,
Noted contempt for tales of old;
Oft hast thou at the fancies smiled,
And marvelled at the legends wild.
Thy task is o'er; peace to thy heart!
For thou hast acted a generous part.

'Tis said that thirty bards appeared,
That thirty names were registered,
With whom were titled chiefs combined,
But some are lost, and some declined.
Wo's me, that all my mountain lore
Has been unfit to rescue more!
And that my guideless rustic skill
Has told those ancient tales so ill.

Of skilful hand and faul
And drink one glass the

There sit the men—be
Made maidens quake an
Whose names shall future
What do they seem? beh
A simpler race you shall
Awkward and vain as m
Light as the fumes of fer
Or foam-bells floating on
The gossamers in air that
Or down that dances in th

Each spoke of others' f
With high applause, but je
Each song, each strain, he
And all had faults except h
Plaudits were mixed with
For all had hopes, and all

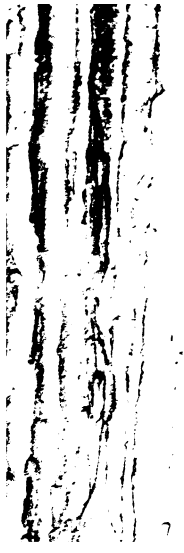
A herald rose, the court
And named each bard and
Rizzio was named from rov

Queen Mary reddened, wroth was she
Her favourite thus outdone to see,
Reproved her squire in high disdain,
And caused him call the votes again.
Strange though it seemed the truth I say,
Feature of that unyielding day,
Her favourite's voters counted o'er,
Were found much fewer than before.
Glistened her eye with pungent dew:
She found with whom she had to do.

Again the royal gallery rung
With names of those who second sung,
When spite of haughty Highland blood,
The Bard of Ettrick upmost stood.

The rest were named who sung so late,
And after long and keen debate,
The specious nobles of the south
Carried the nameless stranger youth;
Though Highland wrath was at the full,
Contending for the Bard of Mull.

Then did the worst dispute begin,
Which of the *three* the prize should win.
'Twas party all—not minstrel worth,
But honour of the south and north:
And nought was heard thoughout the court,
But taunt and sneer, and keen retort.
High run the words, and fierce the fume,
And from beneath each nodding plume
Red look was cast that vengeance said,
And palm on broad sword's hilt was laid,
While Lowland jeer, and Highland mood,
Threatened to end the wake in blood.



Alike to bard and cc
This high repast for
For shame! your pa
And list the counsel

"Unmeet it is for
To lessen one for all
Each excellent in his
But taste, as sapient
Varies with climes in

"Fair emblem of t
Is cadence soft and si
While stern romantic
Still nourishes the rud

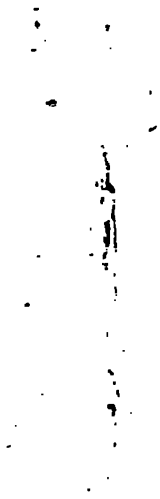
"If Border ear may
Of the wild pathos of
Or that sublime by Os
By forest dark, and m
By clouds which frown
By roaring flood and r
Enjoy the smooth, the
Or evening song of Tev
Then trow you may th
And nature from her

The heath-cock to the shelvy shore,
The partridge to the mountain hoar,
And bring the red-eyed ptarmigan
To dwell by the abodes of man.

"To end this strife, unruled and vain,
Let all the three be called again;
Their skill alternately be tried,
And let the Queen alone decide.
Then hushed be jeer and answer proud,"—
He said, and all, consenting, bowed.

When word was brought of bard's retreat,
The groupe were all in dire debate,
The Border youth (that stranger wight)
Had quarrelled with the clans outright;
Had placed their merits out of ken,
Deriding both the songs and men.
'Tis said—but few the charge believes,—
He branded them as fools and thieves.
Certes that war and wo had been,
For gleaming dirks unsheathed were seen,
The Highland minstrels ill could brook
His taunting word and haughty look.

The youth was chafed, and with disdain
Refused to touch his harp again;
Said he desired no more renown
Than keep those highland boasters down;
Now he had seen them quite undone,
The south had two, the north but one;
But should they bear the prize away,
For that he should not, would not play;
He cared for no such guerdon mean,
Nor for the harp, nor for the Queen.



While songs are sung c
Of stolen delights beg
Of love the Carron wc
Of lady borne from Cs
To Barnard towers an
Of jealous lord and do
And ended with Gilmc
Cut off in manhood's c
Soft rung the closing n
And every heart was s

The harp of Ettrick
Her bard, intent on fai
And fairy freak by mc
Sung young Tam Lean

Queen Mary's harp
And every tone respon
With gems and gold th
That harp is to the Hi
Gardyn is crowned wit
And bears the envied p
Long, long that harp, t
Resounded Ossian's mo

When full two hundred years had fled,
l all the northern bards were dead,
at costly harp, of wonderous mould,
faced of all its gems and gold,
th that which Gardyn erst did play,
ck to Dunedin found its way.

As Mary's hand the victor crowned,
d twined the wreath his temples round,
nd were the shouts of Highland chief—
e Lowlanders were dumb with grief;
d the poor Bard of Ettrick stood
ke statue pale, in moveless mood;
ke ghost which oft his eyes had seen
gloaming in his glens so green.
een Mary saw the minstrel's pain,
d bade from bootless grief refrain.

She said a boon to him should fall
orth all the harps in royal hall;
Scottish song a countless store,
scious remains of minstrel lore,
d cottage, by a silver rill,
ould all reward his rustic skill:
d other gift his bosom claim,
needed but that gift to name.

"O, my fair Queen," the minstrel said,
th faltering voice and hanging head,
'our cottage keep, and minstrel lore,—
ant me a harp, I ask no more.
om thy own hand a lyre I crave,
at boon alone my heart can save."



But once her powers
O there is magic in th

" When worldly wo
And thou and all must
Should scorn be cast fr
Should friendship fail,
Steal with thy harp to
Her wild, her soothing
And soon corroding car
And passion's host be hu
Angels a glided skreen s
That cheers the future, v

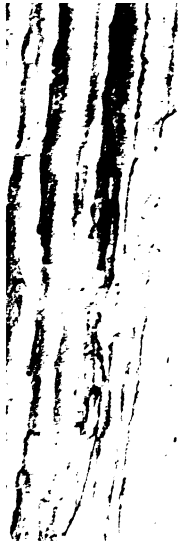
" That harp will make
Their dwelling in the mo
And ope thine eyes by h
Their glittering tiny form
The flitting shades that w
'Twill shape to forms of
To forms on earth no mo
Who once were loved, an
And holiest converse you
Of things below and thing

" That is

), when the weeping minstrel laid
e relic in his old gray plaid,
ıen Holyrood he left behind
gain his hills of mist and wind,
ver was hero of renown,
monarch, prouder of his crown.
tripped the vale he climbed the coomb,
e moutain breeze began to boom;
e when the magic chords it rung,
raised his voice and blithely sung.
Hush, my wild harp, thy notes forbear;
blooming maids nor elves are here:
bear a while that witching tone,
ou must not, canst not sing alone.
ıen summer flings her watchet skreen
eve o'er Ettrick woods so green,
y notes shall many a heart beguile;
ung beauty's eye shall o'er thee smile,
l fairies trip it merrily
)und my royal harp and me."

ong hast that harp of magic tone
all the minstrel world been known:
ıo has not heard her witching lays,
Ettrick banks and Yarrow braes?
: that sweet bard. who sung and played
many a feat and Border raid,
many a knight and lovely maid,
en forced to leave his harp behind,
all her tuneful chords unwind;
l many ages past and came
man so well could tune the same.

angour the daring task essayed,
half the chords his fingers played;
even then some thrilling lays
poke the harp of ancient days.



And chimed his
They would not
His was the mo

Sweet rung th
Then Leyden ca
With dauntless l
And wild impatie
Though false his
Though wild note
Between, the glo
That spoke the b
Sad were those st
On the green vale
O'er seas beneath
They travelled, ou
Thrilling the heart
Beneath the wild b
Leyden ! a shepher
And Scotland know

The day arrived-
Walter the abbot ca
The sacred relic met
Ah ! well the pledge
He

The land was charmed to list his lays;
It knew the harp of ancient days.
The Border chiefs, that long had been
In sepulchres unhearsed and green,
Passed from their mouldy vaults away,
In armour red and stern array,
And by their moonlight halls were seen,
In visor helm, and habergeon.
Even fairies sought our land again,
So powerful was the magic strain.

Blest be his generous heart for aye!
He told me where the relic lay;
Pointed my way with ready will,
Afar on Ettrick's wildest hill;
Watched my first notes with curious eye,
And wondered at my minstrelsy:
He little weened a parent's tongue
Such strains had o'er my cradle sung.

O could the bard I loved so long,
Reprove my fond aspiring song!
Or could his tongue of candour say,
That I should throw my harp away!
Just when her notes began with skill,
To sound beneath the southern hill,
And twine around my bosom's core,
How could we part for evermore!
'Twas kindness all, I cannot blame,
For hootless is the minstrel flame;
But sure, a bard might well have known
Another's feelings by his own!

Of change enamoured, wo the while!
He left our mountains, left the isle;

Now, my loved harp, a while
I leave thee on the old gray
The evening dews will mar th
That waked to joy the chee

Farewell, sweet soother of my
Chill blows the blast aroun
And louder yet that blast may
When down this weary vale

The wreath lies on Saint Mary
The mountain-sounds are ha
The lofty brows of stern Clocl
Are visored with the moving

But winter's deadly hues shall
On moorland bald and moun
And soon the rainbow's lovely
Sleep on the breast of Bower

Then will the glowing sons of
The magical

But not the rainbow's ample ring,
That spans the glen and mountain gray,
Though fanned by western breeze's wing,
And sunned by summer's glowing ray,

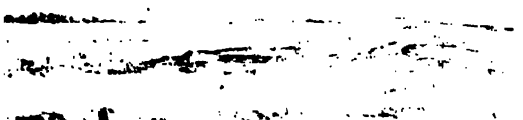
To man decayed, can ever more
Renew the age of love and glee!
Can ever second spring restore
To my old mountain Harp and me!

But when the hue of softened green
Spreads over hill and lonely lea,
And lowly primrose opes unseen
Her virgin bosom to the bee;

When hawthorns breathe their odours far,
And carols hail the year's return,
And daisy spreads her silver star
Unheeded by the mountain burn;

Then will I seek the aged thorn,
The haunted wild and fairy ring,
Where oft thy erring numbers borne
Have taught the wandering winds to sing.

END OF THE QUEEN'S WAKE.



NOTES.

Note I.

Those wakes, now played by minstrels poor,
At midnight's darkest, chillest hour,
Those humble wakes, now scorn'd by all,
Were first begun in courtly hall.---Page 15.

In former days, the term *Wake* was only used to distinguish the festive meeting which took place on the evening previous to the dedication of any particular church or chapel. The company sat up all the night, and, in England, amused themselves in various ways, as their inclinations were by habit or study directed. In Scotland, however, which was always the land of music and of song, music and song were the principal, often the only, amusements of the Wake. These songs were generally of a sacred or serious nature, and were chaunted to the old simple melodies of the country. *The bush aboon Traquair*, *The Broom of Cowdenknows*, *John come kiss me now*, and many others, are still extant, set to the Psalms of David, and other spiritual songs, the Psalms being turned into a rude metre corresponding to the various measures of the tunes.

The difference in the application of the term which exists in the two sister kingdoms, sufficiently explains the consequences of the wakes

itinerant and nameless mini
and squares of Edinburgh, v
by the great and wealthy; al
the time of the Christma
seem to be the only remain
wakes now in Scotland, an
a mind that delights in mu
delicious beyond all previo
person who can relish the
sounds, gradually recalled
music of the wakes, of whi
vious anticipation, never fail
for a considerable time, of al
condition, what place, or v
The minstrels who, in the r
enjoyed privileges which w
the principal nobility, were,
from the tables of the great
afterwards to the common
sic and songs might be hear
selves were unseen. From
they were obliged to retir
court; and so low has the
minstrels descended, that th

Note II.

'here rode the lords of France and Spain,
f England. Flanders, and Lorrain,
'hile serried thousands round them stood,
rom shore of Leith to Holyrood.---P. 18.

Hollingshed describes Queen Mary's landing Scotland, with her early misfortunes and ac-mplishments, after this manner: "She ar-ved at Leith the 20th of August, in the year of ır Lord 1561, where she was honourably re-ived by the Earl of Argyle, the Lord Erskine, e Prior of St. Andrews, and the burgesses of dinburgh, and conveyed to the Abbie of Ho-e-rood-house, for (as saith Buchanan) when me had spread abroad her landing in Scot-nd, the nobility and others assembled out of l parts of the realme, as it were to a com-on spectacle.

"This did they, partly to congratulate her turn, and partly to shew the dutie which they wais bear unto her (when she was absent,) ther to have thanks therefore, or to prevent ıe slanders of the enemies: wherefore not a w, by these beginnings of her reign, did gesse hat would follow, although, in those so vari-ɔle notions of the minds of the people, every ne was very desirous to see their Queen of-red unto them, (unlooked for,) after so many ups of both fortunes as had befallen her. For, hen she was but six days old, she lost her fa-ıer among the cruel tempests of battle, and as, with great diligence, brought up by her other, (being a chosen and worthy person) ut yet left as a prize to others, by reason of

the violence of the se
began to flatter her, i
with a worthy marria
rather a shadow of je
comfort at all. For,
things were turned to
her new young husba
grieved mother, by l
and by the doubtful p
table realme. But a
both pitied and prais
gifts of nature as muc
in that beneficial natu
had endued her with
composed body, an e
ture, and good behav
ficially furthered by c
fable demeanor. Wl
she wan unto her the
firmed the love of her
p. 314. Arbroath E

With regard to the
engaged her attention
counis by contempor

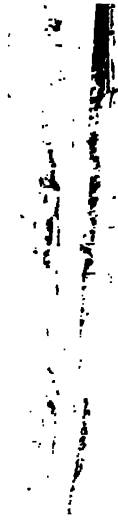
lyked hir weill, and sche willed the sam to be continued sum nychts efter with grit diligence." But Dufre-noy, who was one of the party who accompanied the Queen, gives a very different account of these Scottish minstrels. "We landed at Leith," says he, "and went from thence to Edinburgh, which is but a short league distant. The Queen went there on horseback, and the lords and ladies who accompanied her upon the little wretched hackneys of the country, as wretchedly caparisoned; at sight of which the Queen began to weep, and to compare them with the pomp and superb palfreys of France. But there was no remedy but patience. What was worst of all, being arrived at Edinburgh, and retired to rest in the Abbey (which is really a fine building, and not at all partaking of the rudeness of that country.) there came under her window a crew of five or six hundred scoundrels from the city, who gave her a serenade with wretched violins and little rebecks, of which there are enough in that country, and began to sing Psalms so miserably mistimed and mistuned, that nothing could be worse. Alas! what music! and what a night's rest!"

The Frenchman has had no taste for Scottish music—such another concert is certainly not in record.

Note III.

Ah! Kennedy, vengeance hangs over thine head!
Escape to thy native Glengary forlorn.—P. 41.

The Clan Kennedy was only in the present



Note

The Witch o

It may suffice to men
the catastrophe of this t
cipal events related in t
and *M'Gregor*, are all f
ditions. So is also the r
meny's disappearance an
after being seven years
tradition bears some re
ballads of Tam Lean ar
den: and it is not imp
three may have drawn t
same ancient romance.

Note

Glen-Avin.—

There are many scenes
pian deserts which amaze
ventures to explore them
pathless wastes the most
are often concealed. Glen

spots of shaded green; and altogether it is such a scene as man has rarely looked upon. I spent a summer day in visiting it. The hills were clear of mist, yet the heavens were extremely dark—the effect upon the scene exceeded all description. My mind, during the whole day, experienced the same sort of sensation as if I had been in a dream; and on returning from the excursion, I did not wonder at the superstition of the neighbouring inhabitants, who believe it to be the summer haunt of innumerable tribes of fairies, and many other spirits, some of whom seem to be the most fantastic, and to behave in the most eccentric manner, of any I ever before heard of. Though the glen is upwards of twenty miles in length, and of prodigious extent, it contains no human habitation. It lies in the west corner of Banffshire, in the very middle of the Grampian hills.

Note VI.

Oft had that sear, at break of morn,
Beheld the fahm glide o'er the fell.—P. 70.

Fahm is a little ugly monster, who frequents the summits of the mountains, around Glen-Avin, and no other place in the world that I know of. My guide, D. M'Queen, declared that he had himself seen him, and, by his description, Fahm appears to be no native of this world, but an occasional visitant, whose intentions are evil and dangerous. He is only seen about the break of day, and on the highest verge of the mountain. His head is twice as large as his whole body beside; and if any living creature cross the track over which he



...com, where the groun
height above the sea
Glen-Avin is Fahm bl

Note

Even far on Yarrow's ...
The shepherd pausea
And passing shrieks ad
Lured many a pitying,

It was reckoned a cu
ble circumstance, that,
great fall of snow by nig
son who had lost his wa
heard along the vale of
to its foot. What was t
ment, when it was authen
of twenty parties had all b
lanthorns, &c. at the sam
calling and searching afte
son, whom they believed p
and that none of them had
person—the word spread
were magnified—and the c
general. The people belie
horde of evil spirits had

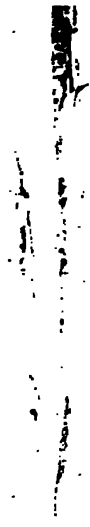
lutions unanimously formed, that no man perishing in the snow should ever be looked after again as long as the world stood.

When the astonishment had somewhat subsided by exhausting itself, and the tale of horror spread too wide ever to be recalled, a lad, without the smallest reference to the phenomenon, chanced to mention, that on the night of the storm, when he was out on the hill turning his sheep to some shelter, a flock of swans passed over his head toward the western sea, which was a sure signal of severe weather; and that at intervals they were always shouting and answering one another, in an extraordinary, and rather fearsome manner. ——It was an unfortunate discovery, and marred the harmony of many an evening's conversation! In whatever cot the circumstance was mentioned, the old shepherds rose and went out—the younkers, who had listened to the prayers with reverence and fear, bit their lips—the matrons plied away at their wheels in silence —it was singular that none of them should have known the voice of a swan from that of the devil!—they were very angry with the lad, and regarded him as a sort of blasphemer.

Note VIII.

See yon lone cairn so gray with age,
Above the base of proud Cairn-Gorm.—P.74.

I only saw this old cairn at a distance; but the narrative which my guide gave me of the old man's loss was very affecting. He had gone to the forest in November to look after some goats that were missing, when a dread-



in the harvest follow
cidentally by a sh
clothes which were
cayed, it appeared
lying entire; but wh
the dry bones rattled
white skull was lying

N

Old D

I remember hearin
David Laidlaw, wh
neighbourhood of Ha
adventures of this old
genitor, and the first
He described him as
quite invincible, and
ballad relating to hi
either before or since
of them:

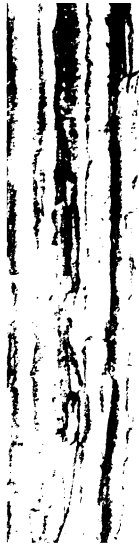
There was ane bann
Cam duntin dune by
But out cam Davy
And dang the banne

Lochy-Law, where the principal scene of this
ale is laid, is a hill on the lands of Shorthope in
he wilds of Ettrick. The fairy slack is up in
he middle of the hill, a very curious ravine,
nd would be much more so when overshadow-
d with wood. The Back-burn which joins
he Ettrick immediately below this hill, has
een haunted time immemorial, both by the
airies, and the ghost of a wandering minstrel
who was cruelly murdered there, and who
leeps in a lone grave a small distance from
he ford.

Note X.

And fears of elf, and fairy raid,
Have like a morning dream decayed—P. 88.

The fairies have now totally disappeared,
nd it is a pity they should; for they seem to
ave been the most delightful little spirits that
ver haunted the Scottish dells. There are
nly very few now remaining alive who have
ver seen them; and when they did, it was on
Iallow-evenings while they were young,
hen the gospel was not very rife in the coun-
ry. But, strange as it may appear, with the
itches it is far otherwise. Never, in the most
superstitious ages, was the existence of witches,
r the influence of their diabolical power,
ore firmly believed in, than by the inha-
itants of the mountains of Ettrick Forest at
he present day. Many precautions and charms
re used to avert this influence, and scarcely
oes a summer elapse in which there are not
ome of the most gross incantations practised,
n order to free flocks and herds from the blast-

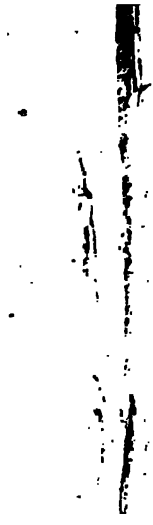


riousness, and as a mat
be generally known, th
out a fowling, he spruc
in a place where it was n
fowl to stay—he fired
her, and eyed her unti
an old dyke—when he w
tonishment may be wel
found Nell ——, picking
limbs! He was extreme
not shot the cock, for he
was no other than *Watti*

The tales and anecdot
es that are still related ir
tremely whimsical and
lowing is a *well authenti*
of gentlemen were one d
the lands of New-house
greyhounds were numer
a hare could they raise.
to them, who offered to s
if they would give him a
greyhound to hold. The
but it was peremptory, a
he would not comply.

slyly behind the boy, and cut the leish in which he held the black dog—away he flew to join the chase.—The boy, losing all recollection, ran, bawling out with great vociferation, "Huy, mither, rin! ! Hay, rin, ye auld witch, if ever ye ran i' yer life! ! Rin, mither, rin! !" The black dog came fast up with her, and was just beginning to *mouth her*, when she sprung in at the window of a little cottage and escaped. The riders soon came to the place, and entered the cot in search of the hare; but lo! there was no living creature there but the old woman lying panting in a bed, so breathless that she could not speak a word ! ! !

But the best old witch tale that remains, is that which is related of the celebrated Michael Scott, Master of Oakwad. Mr. Walter Scott has preserved it, but so altered from the original way, that it is not easy to recognize it. The old people tell it as follows: There was one of Mr. Michael's tenants who had a wife that was the most notable witch of the age. So extraordinary were her powers, that the country people began to put them in competition with those of the Master, and say, that in some *cantrips* she surpassed him. Michael could ill brook such insinuations; for there is always jealousy between great characters, and went over one day with his dogs on pretence of hunting, but in reality with an intent of exercising some of his infernal power in the chastisement of Lucky —— (I have the best reason in the world for concealing her reputed name.) He found her alone in the field weeding lint; and desired her, in a friendly manner, to show him some of her powerful art. She



gave him three lashe
momently changed t
cious and inveterat
"Shu, Michael, rin
own dogs upon him
hunted, and was obl
take shelter in the s
the fury of his pursu
change himself agai

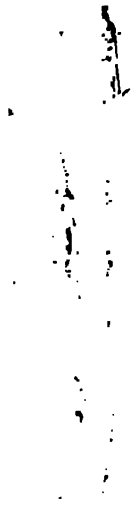
Michael being ext
been thus outwitted,
and going over afte
man to Fauldshope t
Lucky —— to give
neglected to feed th
home. If she gave
thank her and com
it, he gave him a lin
which he was to lo
came out. The se
bread, as his master
delivered his messag
ungraciously, and ab
any bread, alleging,

danced round and round the fire like one quite mad, singing the while with great glee,

"Master Michael Scott's man,
Cam seekin bread an' gat nane."

The dinner hour arrived, but the reapers looked in vain for their dame, who was wont to bring it to them to the field. The goodman sent home a servant girl to assist her, but neither did she return. At length he ordered them to go and take their dinner at home, for he suspected his spouse had taken some of her *tirravies*. All of them went inadvertently into the house, and, as soon as they passed beneath the mighty charm, were seized with the same mania, and followed the example of their mistress. The goodman, who had tarried behind, setting some shocks of corn, came home last; and hearing the noise ere ever he came near the house, he did not venture to go in, but peeped in at the window. There he beheld all his people dancing naked round and round the fire, and singing, "Master Michael Scott's man," with the most frantic wildness. His wife was by that time quite exhausted, and the rest were half trailing her around. She could only now and then pronounce a syllable of the song, which she did with a kind of scream, yet seemed as intent on the sport as ever.

The goodman mounted his horse, and rode with all speed to the master, to inquire what he had done to his people which had put them all mad. Michael bade him take down the note from the lintel and burn it, which he did, and all the people returned to their senses. Poor Lucky —— died ever night, and Michael re-



I mentioned formerly th
gor is founded on a popul
—so also is this Song of
troduction to it, which, t
a peculiar interest. As
up Glen-Dochart, attende
a shepherd of that count
me some curious green de
large rivulet which desce
Ben More, the name of
language, signifies *the ab*
native of that country, wh
pened to be benighted the
ing, without knowing t
haunted, wrapped himsel
down to sleep till the m
night he was awaked by
music; and, on listening,
voice of a woman singing
sung the verses twice over
ing he had several of the
had heard them often reci
said they were wild beyo
He remembered only a f
to the same purport with

in purgatory. I had not before heard ing so truly romantic.

Note XII.

he pine, which for ages had shed a bright slo,
n the mountains of Highland Glen-Falo,
l wither and fall ere the turn of yon moon,
rough by the canker of hated Colquhoon.—
P. 96.

pine was the standard, and is still the f the M'Gregors; and it is well known e proscription of that clan was occasion- a slaughter of the Colquhoons, who were stant and inveterate enemies. That business let loose the vengeance of the r upon them, which had nearly extirpat- name. The Campbells and the Gra- rose and hunted them down like wild until a M'Gregor could no more be

Note XIII.

Earl Walter.—P. 100.

ballad is founded on a well known his- fact. Hollingshed mentions it slightly ollowing words: "A Frenchman named hony Darcie, knight, called afterwards *de la Bawtie,* came through England otland, to seek feats of arms. And com- he king the four and twentie of Septem- e Lord Hamilton fought with him right y, and so as neither of them lost any honour."



I mentioned formerly thi
gor is founded on a popul
—so also is this Song of
troduction to it, which,
a peculiar interest. As
up Glen-Dochart, attend
a shepherd of that coun
me some curious green d
large rivulet which desc
Ben More, the name of
language, signifies *the*
native of that country,
pened to be benighted
ing, without knowing
haunted, wrapped him
down to sleep till the
night he was awaked
music; and, on listeni
voice of a woman sin
sung the verses twice
ing he had several of
had heard them often
said they were wild

was certain it was not above
st. It was in vain that he
about like one distracted,
—no trace of her remained,
state of mind that may be
an expressed, and raised the
who searched for her seve-
me success. Every pool in
h and den on the mountains
d in vain. It was remark-
ver much encouraged the
hly persuaded that she was
me invisible being, else she
nished so suddenly. As a
lied to the minister of In-
couring divine of exemplary
ligious matters, who enjoin-
ayers to be offered to God
istian churches, next Sab-
instant of time; "and
she is dead, God will for-
ing for the dead, as we do it
; and if she is still alive, I
that all the devils in hell
keep her." The injunction
nded to. She was remem-
of all the neighbouring con-
nday, at the same hour, and
such prayers for fervour
re was one divine in parti-
n, who prayed in such a
hearers trembled. As the
d, so it fell out On that
in an hour of the time on
were offered, the girl was
wood, sitting, picking the

quired a blueish cast, wh
in the course of a few w
Salton,—she lived to be

Another circumstance
still later, is not less rem
of Tushilaw, in the par
name was Walter Dalgl
heights of that farm, one
herd the young sheep for
go to church. He took
with him, and his son's b
sermons were over, the la
and did not return to his
but nothing of the old
When it grew very late,
seemed terrified, and refu
The family were ill at ea
especially as they never
leave him before; and ea
lad arose and went to the
his father and his flock.
all scattered, and his fath
lying on the same spot wh
the day before. At the

days. My father, and several old men
ive, were of the party. He could not be
or heard of, neither dead nor alive, and
th they gave up all thoughts of ever see-
n more.
he 20th day after his disappearance, a
rd's wife, at a place called Berry-bush,
n as the family was sitting down to din-
d said, that if it were possible to believe
alter Dalgleish was still in existence, she
say yonder was he coming down the hill.
all ran out to watch the phenomenon,
the person approached nigher, they per-
that it was actually he, walking without
id and his bonnet. The place where he
st descried is not a mile distant from that
he was last seen. When he came into
ıse, he shook hands with them all—ask-
his family, and spoke as if he had been
for years, and as if convinced something
fallen them. As they perceived some-
ingular in his looks and manner, they
ınately forbore asking him any questions
, but desired him to sit and share their
. This he readily complied with, and
to sup some broth with seeming eager-
He had only taken one or two spoonfuls,
ıe suddenly stopped, a kind of rattling
vas heard in his breast, and he sunk back-
nt. They put him to bed, and from that
ırth he never spoke another word that
rson could make sense of. He was re-
to his own home, where he lingered a
eks, and then died. What befel him,
ıs to this day a mystery, and for ever



and striking effect. I have s
try people terrified almost o
at hearing voices and laugh
where they knew it impossib
ing to reach. Some of th
Edinburgh are extremely gr
they then be were the hills co
I have witnessed nothing mo
from a situation behind the F
all the noises of the city are co
to hear the notes of the drun
bugle, poured from the cliffs o
the viewless cannons thunderin
The effect is truly sublime.

Note XVII.

Mary Scott.—P. 1

This ballad is founded on
The Gray Goss Hawk. The
the same, and happens at t
namely, in St. Mary's church-
tle of Tushilaw, where the ch
tale is laid, stood on a shelve
overlooks the junction of the ri
Rankleburn. It is a [illegible]

to the east and west. It was the finest old baronial castle of which the Forest can boast, but the upper arches and turrets fell in, of late years, with a crash that alarmed the whole neighbourhood. It is now a huge heap of ruins. Its last inhabitant was Adam Scott, who was long denominated in the south the *King of the Border*, but the courtiers called him the *King of Thieves*. King James V. acted upon the same principle with these powerful chiefs, most of whom disregarded his authority, as Bonaparte has done with the sovereigns of Europe. He always managed matters so as to take each of them single-handed —made a rapid and secret march—overthrew one or two of them, and then returned directly home till matters were ripe for taking the advantage of some other. He marched on one day from Edinburgh to Meggatdale, accompanied by a chosen body of horsemen, surprised Perez Cockburn, a bold and capricious outlaw, who tyrannized over those parts, hanged him over his own gate, sacked and burnt his castle of Henderland, and divided his lands between two of his principal followers, Sir James Stuart and the Lord Hume. From Henderland he marched across the mountains by a wild unfrequented path, still called *the King's Road*, and appeared before the gates of Tushilaw about sunrise. Scott was completely taken by surprise; he, however, rushed to arms with his few friends who were present, and, after a desperate but unequal conflict, King James overcame him, plundered his castle of riches and stores to a prodigious amount, hanged the old Borderer king over a huge tree which is still grow-



down the too powerful Scot
noted as the best of neighbou

Note XVII

King Edward's Dream

The scene of this ballad i
the Eden in Cumberland, a
from Burgh, on the sands
King Edward I. died, in the
dition against the Scotts, in
lemnly sworn to extirpate the

Note XIX.

Dumlanrig.—P.

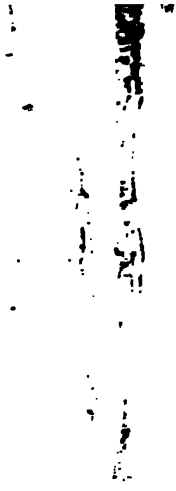
This ballad relates to a we
cal fact, of which tradition
accurate and feasible detail.
place two or three years
death of King James V. I h
is succinctly related by som
have forgot who it is. Hollin
bungling account of the matt
one battle a year before the

laird of Dumlanrig on the same ground, as the historian would insinuate. He says, that Dumlanrig, after pursuing them cautiously for some time, was overthrown in attempting to cross a ford of the river too rashly, that he lost two of his principal kinsmen, and 200 of his followers, had several spears broken upon his body, and escaped only by the goodness of his horse. The battle which took place next night, he relates as having happened next year; but it must be visible to every reader that he is speaking of the same incidents in the annals of both years. In the second engagement he acknowledges that Dumlanrig defeated the English horse, which he attributes to a desertion from the latter, but that, after pursuing them as far as Dalswinton, they were joined by the foot, and retrieved the day. The account given of the battles, by Lesleus and Fran. Thin, seems to have been so different, that they have misled the chronologer; the names of the towns and villages appearing to him so different, whereas a local knowledge of the country would have convinced him that both accounts related to the same engagements.

Note XX.

The Abbot M'Kinnon.—P. 183.

To describe the astonishing scenes to which this romantic tale relates, Icolmkill and Staffa, so well known to the curious, would only be multiplying pages to no purpose.



St. Columba placed
a little distance from
He would not suffer
to set foot on it; "fo
said he, "there mu
there are women, ther

Not

The Harp of Ettric

That some notable
Forest in that age, is
rous ballads and song
in that country, and
there. Many of thes
cast. *Outlaw Murra*
Carterhaugh, Jamie
The dowy Downs of
are of the number. D
the Bards, merely mer
Ettrick; more of him

Note

Gardun is crowned wit

that house by a bride, which the chieftain of Lude married from the family of Gardyn of Banchory (now Garden of Troup.) It was defaced of all its ornaments, and Queen Mary's portrait, set in gold and jewels, during the time of the last rebellion. How it came into the possession of that family is not known, at least traditions vary considerably regarding the incident. But there is every reason to suppose, that it was given in consequence of some musical excellency in one or other of the Gardyns; for it may scarcely be deemed, that the royal donor would confer so rich and so curious an instrument on one who could make no use of it. So far does the tale correspond with truth, and there is besides a further coincidence of which I was not previously aware. I find, that Queen Mary actually gave a grand treat at Holyrood-house at the very time specified in the Poem, where great proficiency was displayed both in music and dancing.

Note XXIV.

Coomb—is a Scots Lowland term, and used to distinguish all such hills as are scooped out on one side in form of a crescent. The bosom of the hill, or that portion which lies within the lunated verge, is always denominated *the coomb*.

Note XXV.

Shaw—is likewise a Lowland term, and denotes the snout, or brow of a hill; but the part so denominated is always understood to be of a particular form, broad at the base, and [illegible]



round or conical form. It
same acceptation in the Lo
as *Ben* does in the Highl
supposed to have had its
circumstance of the ancien
country distributing the *law*
hills; and where no one of t
artificial mounds were raise
hood of towns for that pur
were originally called *Law*
natural and easy contractio
hills of the country came t
thing. A little affinity may
both were effective in impedi
an hostile invader: while th
mounted both without diffic
concern.

Note XXVI

Glen—is a term commo
Scotland alike, and invari
whole course of a mountai
the hills and valleys on eac
summit. It is an indefinite t

and confined between the hills; these glens being from one to thirty miles in length, and proportionably dissimilar in other respects. By a *Glen*, however, is generally to be understood a branch of a greater river. The course of the great river is denominated the *Strath*, as Strath-Tay, Strath-Spey, &c.; and the lesser rivers which communicate with these are the *Glens*. There may be a few exceptions from this general rule, but they are of no avail as affecting the acceptation of the term whenever it is used as descriptive.

Note XXVIII.

Strone.—(Only once used.)—A *Strone* is that hill which terminates the range. It is a Highland term, but common in the middle districts of Scotland.

Note XXIX.

Ben—is likewise a Highland term, and denotes a mountain of a pyramidal form, which stands unconnected with others.

Note XXX.

Dale—is the course of a Lowland river, with its adjacent hills and valleys. It conveys the same meaning as Strath does in the Highlands.

Note XXXI.

Wale—(only once used)—is a Hebridean term, and signifies the verge or brim of the



invariably descriptive of a gr
the mountain, from which a

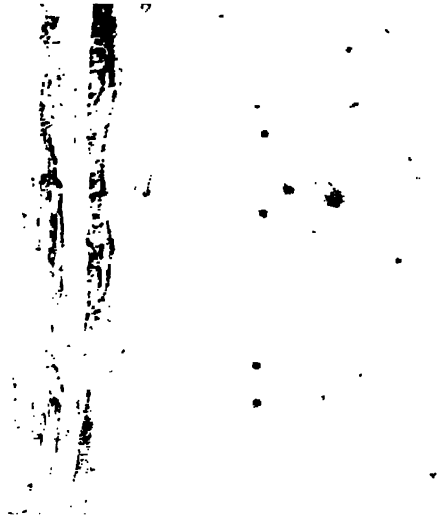
Note XXXIII

If there is any other word
to Scotland, I am not aware
of the two bards, indeed, whc
the ancient manner, abound
words and terms, which, it i
rythm, the tenour of the verse
tive, will illustrate, though t
found in any glossary of that la
are, indeed, generally so not
and absurd, that it is painful
versant in the genuine old pro
look into them.

Ignorant, however, as I am
save my mother tongue, I imagi
stand so much of the English
perceive that its muscular stre
the energy of its primitive stem
from which all its foliage hat
around which its exuberant ten
twined and interwoven,—I me
of the ancient

that the greater number of these old words and terms that can be introduced with propriety into our language, the better. To this my casual innovations must be attributed. The authority of Grahame and Scott has of late rendered a few of these old terms legitimate. If I had been as much master of the standard language as they, I would have introduced ten times more.

THE END.












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